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THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVI No. 18 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

A POE MYSTERY UNCOVERED
by Vincent Starrett

TO MOTHER, WITH LOVE
by Mary Roberts Rinehart

"CITIZEN TOM PAINE"
by Howard Fast
Reviewed by Allan Nevins

"THE MACHIAVELLIANS"
by James Burnham
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"AMERICAN IDEALISM"
by Floyd Stovall
Reviewed by Robert E. Spiller

"THE HERO IN HISTORY"
by Sidney Hook
Reviewed by Robert Pick

HOWARD FAST's novel "from beginning to end is swift-paced, lusty-spirited, and rhetorical." (See page 8)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

A Poe Mystery Uncovered

The Lost Minerva Review of Al Aaraaf

VINCENT STARRETT

LATE in December of the year 1829, whether before or after Christmas appears not to be of record, Edgar Poe for the first time saw his name on the title page of a printed volume. On November 18 he had written John Allan that his poem had been accepted by Hatch & Dunning, the Baltimore publishers, on terms advantageous to the author; and on December 29 he was able to dispatch a copy to his friend John Neal, editor of the *Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette*. With a general supply of the books at his disposal (by the terms of contract he was to receive 250 copies), the poet remained in Baltimore until the end of the year, distributing copies for review and otherwise, it may be assumed, acting as his own colporteur.

Two years had elapsed since his first, anonymous venture into print, the now notorious "Tamerlane and Other Poems," and his reputation had got no forrader. At the moment, it will be recalled, he was waiting his appointment to a cadetship at West Point, and events were slowly shaping toward his final break with the man who was his fosterfather. Possibly he was lavish with the free copies of "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" turned over to him by his publishers; but, whatever may have been the number of the books dispatched for notice in the literary columns, the volume went almost as unnoticed as its predecessor. "Tamerlane" had fallen dead from the press; "Al Aaraaf, etc.", squirmed once or twice, then died quite as finally and completely. Only three reviews of the second volume are known to have been printed; and one of these—that published by John Neal in the *Yankee* for December, 1829—was an advance notice written in large part by Poe himself. The second, attributed to Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, occurred in the Boston *Ladies' Magazine* for January, 1830.

The third notice appeared in the Baltimore *Minerva and Emerald*, a weekly journal edited by Rufus Dawes and John Hill Hewitt, the latter destined to be Poe's successful rival for the poetry prize in the *Saturday Visiter* contest of 1833. It is of this review, written by Hewitt, that I have now to report.

For years Poe specialists have sought the Hewitt notice without success, largely because complete files of the ephemeral *Minerva* are not available, and perhaps do not exist. Principal authority for the review's existence has been Hewitt himself, who devoted much time throughout a long career of letter-writing to the newspapers, to accounts of his association with Poe. One of his earliest references to the item, if not the earliest, occurs in his "Shadows on the Wall," published in 1877: "He took a dislike for me, from the fact of my having penned a severe criticism of his poems contained in a small book published in 1829 by Hatch & Dunning, booksellers, Baltimore." * And thereafter, along the years, for more than half a century (Hewitt died in 1890), he lost no opportunity to retail the incident and what he took to be its consequences.

BY the courtesy of a surviving member of Hewitt's immediate family, Mrs. Clementine Lebey (a daughter by a second marriage), I have been permitted to examine a miscellaneous group of papers left by Hewitt, including a manuscript "Journal" and a lengthy, unpublished article on Poe—the latter cast, as is usual in the case of Hewitt's prose writings, in the form of a Letter to the Editor. In neither document is there any important contribution to the Poe story already known to us; but, for the first time in any of the numerous Hewitt reminiscences I have examined, the author of the sneering *Minerva* review quotes his "Al Aaraaf" notice in full—obviously from a clipping or from a copy of the *Minerva* at his elbow. It is unfortunate that he does not give it a date; but I think there can be little doubt that his transcription is sufficiently accurate. The long letter from which I now copy the lost review is in Hewitt's handwriting and is dated at Baltimore in June, 1885. I give it exactly as Hewitt copied it out, in all its confusion and with all its underlinings:

*SHADOWS ON THE WALL. By John H. Hewitt. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers. 1877.

Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems
By Edgar A. Poe

There is something in these poems so original, that we cannot help introducing them to the public as a literary curiosity, full of burning thoughts, which so charm the reader, that he forgets he is travelling over a pile of brick-bats—for such we must compare the measure to. The author will pardon us if we claim his volume as our own property—paid for, not with downright cash, but through the strength of our credit; consequently we have a right to do whatever we please with the work. It is said that poetry is the gift of nature, if so we will venture to say she hesitated in imparting to the author of Al Aaraaf, etc., that amount of inspiration essential to the formation of a poet of the commonest order; we love to foster bright, budding genius, to place modest merit in the beams of the sunshine, and to treat kindly the productions of those whom nature intended to be an honor to the literary reputation of our country. We have ample reason for fearing that Al Aaraaf, etc., will not add a single radiant to our national diadem.

The author, after his dedication, which amounts to this—

"Who drinks the deepest?—here's to him."

seems to liken himself to a transitory star: "A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe, which burst forth in a moment, with splendor surpassing that of Jupiter—then gradually faded away, and became invisible to the naked eye;" in one sense an apt quotation—indicative of the transitory glory of the poems which follow.

"Al Aaraaf" is the title of the lead-

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ing poem—of its object we have yet to be informed, for all our brain-cudgelling could not *compel* us to understand it line by line or the sum total—perchance, and we think we have hit it, it alludes to the text quoted above, concerning the short-lived star. We shall leave the *plot* in its obscurity, and take the *poetry* under consideration. On page seventeen, we learn the color of a *smell* in the following line:

"And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante."

Again, on page twenty, we are informed that *sound* has form and body, from its casting a shadow:

"Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings."

CONCERNING the various hues of the atmosphere, we have lived to learn that a decomposition of *blue* will produce almost all the colors of the rainbow:

"And the *red* winds were withering in the sky—"
"Uprose the maiden in the *yellow* night."
"With all thy train athwart the *moony* sky."
"Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall
Through the *ebon* air."
"A window of one circular diamond, there
Looked out upon the *purple* air."
"Witness the *murmur* of the *gray* twilight."

But we will allow Al Aaraaf to rest, after having quoted a stanza or two from "the charm the maiden sung." The author deserves a premium from John Neal for inventing rhymes:

Till they glance through the *shade, and*
Come down to your brow,
Like—eyes of the *maiden*
Who calls on you now."

* * *

Ligeria! Ligeria!
My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
Will to melody run.

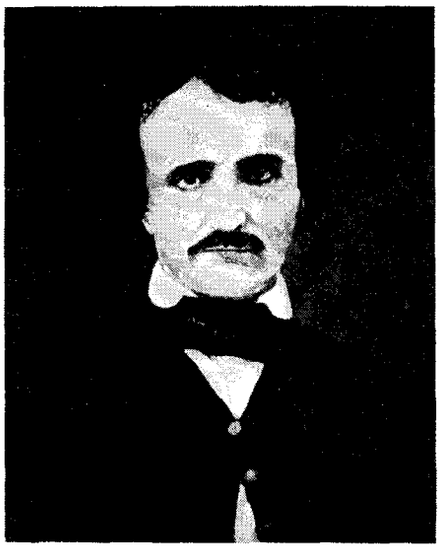
"Tamerlane"—This poem is dedicated to John Neal; the author has thus wisely secured the favor of "the mustard pot"—no danger from that quarter. Let us see;—why, it improves on acquaintance; its faults are so few and so trifling that they may easily be passed over.

We now turn to the miscellaneous poems contained in the volume, which, if they may not be called beautiful, possess, at least, a large share of originality. Not liking to disjoint the verses "To———," we give them to our readers entire:

Should my early life seem
(As well it might) a dream;
Yet I build no faith upon
The king Napoleon;
I look not up afar
For my darling in a star.

* * *

In parting from you now
Thus much will I avow—
There are beings, and have been,
Whom my spirit had not seen;



E. A. Poe

Had I let them pass me by
With a dreaming eye;
If my peace hath fled away
In a night, or in a day;
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?

* * *

I am standing 'mid the roar
Of a weather-beaten shore,
And I hold within my hand
Some particles of sand;
How few! and how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep!
My only hopes? no—they
Went gloriously away,
Like lightning from the sky
At once—and so did I.

* * *

So young? ah, no—not now—
Thou hast not seen my brow,
But they tell thee I am proud,
They lie—they lie aloud—
My bosom beats with shame
As the paltriness of name
With which they dare combine
A feeling such as mine—
Not stoic? I am not;
In the terror of my lot
I laugh to think how poor
That pleasure "to endure!"
What! shade of Zeno!—I
Endure?—no—no—defy!

From the lines "To M———" we make the following choice selections:—

I heed not that the desolate,
Are happier, sweet, than I;
But that *you* meddle with *my* fate
Who am a passer by.
It is not that my founts of bliss
Are gushing, strange! with tears—
Or that the thrill of a single kiss,
Hath palsied many years. (?)

* * *

Nor that the grass—O! may it thrive!
On my grave is growing or grown;
But that, while I am *dead yet alive*
I cannot be, lady, alone.

The dead alive! Has the poet been struck with numb palsy? We believe not; for then it might only be said that the poor fellow had but "one foot in the grave" whereas it appears by the foregoing, that he has "gone the whole hog," and fairly "kicked the bucket" and not turned a little *pale* only, still possessing the full enjoyment of his faculties. We have done with the book; what more is to be done remains with the public.

A comparison of the foregoing with Hewitt's Poe chapter in "Shadows on the Wall" will reveal that the review also was beside him when he wrote his book; in the book he paraphrases (and to an extent tones down) a number of paragraphs from the earlier *Minerva* notice.

"This off-handed and rather caustic review angered the young and aspiring poet—and well it might," continues Hewitt's letter. "He attributed the article at first to Rufus Dawes, but, on the denial of that gentleman, afterwards strapped it on my shoulders, and up to the last time I met with him—which was in the city of Washington—he evinced the bitterest dislike for me, a dislike which was heartily reciprocated by me, and which culminated in a personal assault.

"The edition of these early poetic efforts of the young enthusiast was a limited one. In fact it was a still-born effort, and my main object in transcribing the foregoing criticism of the work, is to justify myself and—now that I count the hours and not the months of life that are still in my future—to enlighten my friends as to the cause of Poe's dislike for Dawes and myself. The extracts from the book will also give the reader an insight to (sic) the weird and disconnected imagery of the dead poet."

A little later he returns to the "personal assault," of which, I believe, there is no other record:

"When we had our angry dispute on one of the crowded streets of Baltimore, after the award of the committee on the *Visitor's* (*sic*) literary prizes, all the bad qualities of Poe's proud and fiery nature seemed to have concentrated in one feeling—mortified pride. He would not allow that he had a peer in the arena of fancy. Although there had been a lapse of years since I had written the criticism on his first publication—still he nursed his bitter dislike for me;—still deeper was his mortification when he learned that the detested critic was his successful rival! He was greedy for fame, as well as in need of money—two powerful incentives to cause him to forget the bearing of a gentleman and assume that of a brute. But let that unpleasant *slugging* affair be buried with the irascible poet's bones, now resting in the graveyard of Westminster church."

THEREAFTER Hewitt retells the familiar story of the *Saturday Visiter* contest, which may be summarized at this point to complete the record. The *Visiter*, an ephemeral weekly newspaper, edited by L. A. Wilmer, offered in

(*Continued on page* 25)

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The Personal Equation in History

THE HERO IN HISTORY. By Sidney Hook. New York: The John Day Company. 1943. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IT IS A curious phenomenon that times of general suffering such as ours almost regularly display, side by side with a more or less fatalistic attitude on the part of the masses, a widespread interest in great men of action and their historical significance. Today again philosophy is setting out to evaluate the "hero's" position in history, and we may look forward with confidence to the appearance of many a volume on the subject. Professor Hook's present study is certain to hold a distinguished place among them.

Mr. Hook does not, to be sure, offer any revolutionary theory of history; what he does is to take stock of existing theories, and by exposing their limitations convey his own ideas. Thus he presents a brief survey of historical thinking from Pascal's famous *mot* on Cleopatra's nose down to the Marxist views of various groups.

As has been frequently pointed out before, any scientific examination of the process of history boils down to the question of determanism (social or religious) versus "heroic" interpretation. Mr. Hook believes that "looking backward on the claims of the social determinists, whether idealist or materialist, it would appear that all they have established as a universal generalization is that a great man cannot influence history until the times are 'ripe' for him." Which leads him to a brilliant essay on historical causation. Here, he is at his best, setting forth his thesis dialectically and with unequivocal historical evidence, and making an excellent comparison of the process of history with "a gnarled ancient tree." As to the role of the contingent in history, he has this to say:

> A deceptive backward glance mistakes the unforeseen for the predetermined. The hypnotic influence of the long-established, of what cannot be changed, often misleads the innocent into believing that it has a hidden purpose, and the pious into the blasphemy that the judgment of history is the judgment of God.

Mr. Hook defines the "hero" as the "event-making" rather than the merely "eventful" man. In illustration of his definition he takes Lenin of whom he says that "had it not been for the work of one man we should be living in a vastly different world today." There will be some who will wish that he had chosen another test case, less near to us and less controversial in its

Sidney Hook

ramifications. For, as he says himself, "One of the recurrent weaknesses of the imaginative reconstructions of a hypothetical past is that the line of inference is often drawn too far into the future." Nevertheless his presentation of the fateful months, or rather days, in 1917 is deeply convincing.

In his closing chapters Mr. Hook touches upon some of the most crucial problems of democracy: the safeguarding of democratic procedure against outstanding individuals, the proper place of the latter within the democratic process, and the nature of the "laws" of social behavior which regulate the democratic way of life. Although sometimes rather sketchy, these chapters are packed with highly suggestive observations.

The reader who demands specific solutions of his problems may regret that Mr. Hook does not carry his argument further. His book is, however, a most valuable contribution to that "new philosophy" which Benedetto Croce foresaw almost thirty years ago.

In the Pan-American Issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature,* April 10, 1943, Katherine Carr was listed as the reviewer of "The Chilean Popular Front" by John Reese Stevenson. The name of the reviewer should have been listed as Katherine Rodell.

We also regret the omission of the compiler's name, G. Lounz, from the "Suggested Reading List for Pamphlets on the Post-War World," published in our issue of March 20, 1943.

THE MACHIAVELLIANS. By James Burnham. New York:The John Day Co., Inc. 1943. 270 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

TWO years ago Mr. James Burnham published a provocative and much-discussed book which he called "The Managerial Revolution." Its success came in part from excessive simplification and, if caviar to the general, the argument was, like the play in "Hamlet," set down with cunning. To one unfamiliar with the mysteries of what Carlyle called "the dismal science," the economic trends which Mr. Burnham foresaw seemed convincing and portentous. We were moving inexorably—indeed we already had moved—from a capitalist to a managerial society. Those who knew little about the development of political institutions and its recent literature were astounded to learn that legislatures had lost power to bureaus and commissions: that managerial bureaucrats had become a ruling class. Ten years before, in a political tract "The New Despotism," the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Hewart, had announced the same discovery, and he had lagged half a dozen years behind Sir Cecil Carr's unsensational but profound lectures on "Delegated Legislation." Mr. Burnham served his caviar without sliced onion or toast.

What the present book seems to attempt is "a study of the laws of politics," or rather certain writers on politics whose theories may have appositeness in respect of the world in which we live and the world it is likely to become. Mr. Burnham begins on a trite theme: the oft-quoted melancholy passages from the Democratic Platform of 1932, which pledged the reduction of the number of federal employees, economy in expenditure, a balanced budget, and the preservation of a sound currency. Surely, he says, "the politicians were not so ignorant as to believe literally what the words seemed to indicate," but he does not mention the fact that in March, 1933, the situation had become entirely different from what it had been in the summer of 1932: instead of only a cold, the patient now had double pneumonia. Mr. Burnham proceeds to assimilate the 1932 promises with the argument of Dante's "De Monarchia," which he calls "politics as wish." To be sure, Dante was writing more than six centuries ago. He was discussing (a) whether mankind should be under a single state; (b) whether the sovereign should be the successor of the Holy Roman Emperor; and (c) whether the temporal authority should be

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independent of the Pope and subject only to God. Nevertheless, Dante's "method is exactly that of the Democratic Platform," and it is still the method of "nine-tenths of all writing and speaking in the field of politics": the method of "abstracted moral imperatives, ideals cut wholly off from mere earth and mankind." On the contrary, in Mr. Burnham's view, "the final controls over arguments and conclusions" should be "the facts of social life together with probable generalizations based on those facts." The draftsmen of the 1932 pledges, President Roosevelt, and the Congress which eight months later ignored them, will be astonished to learn that they did not know "the facts of social life." At least the Democrats regained the paradise of office holding.

The "scientific" discussion of politics began with Machiavelli in whose writings there are "no dreams or ghosts." He lived and wrote "in a daylight world." He knew that "ambitious men struggle for power." Anticipating Lord Acton, he announced that all power corrupts and that absolute power corrupts absolutely: that officials must be watched. Now, in an age which, according to Mr. Burnham, has a close analogy with Machiavelli's, the "thought and research of a number of brilliant writers" has made Machiavellism undergo "a profound and extensive development." In much the manner of classroom lectures, Mr. Burnham proceeds to summarize the thought of four sociologists who have carried on the tradition: Gaetano Mosca, with his theories of "The Ruling Class"; Georges Sorel, the syndicalist, best known for his famous "Reflections on Violence"; Robert Michels, who in "Political Parties" outlined the iron law of oligarchy which must triumph in every large organization—labor union as well as political party; and Vilfredo Pareto, who wrote four volumes on "Mind and Society." Mosca, Sorel, and Michels all made good points that are familiar to every student of politics and are still worth pondering. Pareto pontificated on everything and many readers will skip the pages which summarize the pertinent parts of his four volumes. It seems to sum up to this: that the Machiavellians "are the only ones who have told us the full truth about power." (Didn't Bertrand Russell write a pretty good book on political power four or five years ago?)

Relying on the truth tellers Mr. Burnham gives precise answers to three "precise questions." He declares that "there can be a science of politics and of society." On the basis of observations in the field of political affairs, "generalizations and hypotheses" can be formulated and can be tested "through predictions about future events or about the results of further research." (But why, then, bother with further research?) In order to make a science possible in any field nothing further is required. Mr. Burnham gives these examples of the generalizations which he, as a "political scientist," is prepared to make. We have enough knowledge at hand "to realize that the Kellogg Pact was powerless to prevent war." The Stimson doctrine of nonrecognition of territorial changes made by force has not stopped and will not stop the use of force to effect changes. We now know enough to say "that there will almost certainly be a terrific economic crisis shortly after the end of the present war." We can be confident that some public debts will be repudiated or reduced through lower interest rates or inflation. But are these great discoveries original with those who think of themselves as Machiavellians? What is the relevance of Mr. Burnham's remark that "professional New York gamblers [surely they have not read Pareto *et al*] have never since the Civil War been wrong about the outcome of the presidential election"?

Mr. Burnham's second conclusion is that the Machiavellian analysis, "confirmed and re-confirmed by the evidence of history, shows that the masses simply do not think scientifically about political and social aims; and that, even if they did, the technical and administrative means for implementing their scientific thought would necessarily be lacking." Thus another straw man is knocked down! Finally, Mr. Burnham seems convinced that "some sections of the élite" can act "scientifically" in making political decisions. "There is little doubt that an individual can conduct his political affairs scientifically or logically"; that, "granted certain capacities and some luck," he "can decide to rise in the social scale, and can take appropriate steps that will have a fair chance of achieving that aim." Some, indeed, "by deliberate scientific means, rise to the very top rank of social and political power." Readers will search in vain for any specific hints on how to master the science, or, as Sir Henry Taylor called it, "the art of rising" or on how scientifically to enjoy "some luck" or make "the chance" of achievement better than "fair."

James Burnham

Mr. Burnham seems to be conscious that there is little exciting in his excavations from Dante and the Machiavellians, and that his book is likely to be much less provocative than "The Managerial Revolution." Hence he bursts out every now and then against a strange collection of *bêtes-noires:* "a journalist like Pierre van Paassen, a demagogue like Hitler, a professor like Max Lerner, a chairman of a sociology department like Pitirim Sorokin, a revolutionist like Lenin, a trapped idealist like Henry Wallace, a bull-dozing rhetorician like Churchill, a preacher out of a church like Norman Thomas or one in like Bishop Manning, the Pope or the ministers of the Mikado—for all the integrating method and the whole conception of politics is precisely that of Dante." These widely different personages will be astonished to learn that they have so much (or so little) in common.

When "great natural scientists like Millikan and Conant and Boas and Urey and Compton" speak on social affairs their remarks are "scientifically much below the level reached by the average factory worker." Henry Wallace is later on "the major prophet in this country of the Bonapartist *mystique*" and this apparently has some connection with the fact that he never held elective office prior to 1941. The most extreme democrats in the United States "and quite possibly in the world" are "frustrated poets like Archibald MacLeish, choleric bureaucrats like Harold Ickes, gutter-columnists like Walter Winchell, trying to crawl out of the gutter, guilt-ridden bankers' sons like Corliss Lamont, authors like Walter Millis, trying to lead the public to forget that once they thought there was something to be said against war, ambitious detective-story writers like Rex Stout."

In the Thurber-Nugent play of a few years ago, "The Male Animal," a callow editor of the student paper announced that he was no longer a fellow traveller. He had journeyed to Damascus and had seen the light. He could now best describe himself as an "unconfused liberal." Mr. Burnham is certainly not that. Presumably he is a Machiavellian, but there are many parts of his book which give point to the definition of sociology that Franklin Giddings thought so scurrilous: "the science of organized matter."

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Man of Reason with a Mission

CITIZEN TOM PAINE. By Howard Fast. New York: Duell, Sloan, & Pearce. 1943. 342 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN a time that tried men's souls, Thomas Paine proved that an unknown, friendless man may win as mighty a victory with his pen as any general with his sword. His "Common Sense" was a turning point in American history. To say that it established him with Cobbett and Defoe as one of the greatest pampleteers in the language is not enough, for nothing Cobbett or Defoe ever wrote affected events as did his immortal little book. Unquestionably it derived part of its effect from the fact that the time was ripe for it. It appeared January 10, 1776, as news spread through the colonies that the royal forces had half-destroyed Norfolk. But its fiery eloquence and relentless logic made the most of favorable circumstances. Men read it to their neighbors with exultation; Washington called it "unanswerable"; presses could not turn it out fast enough, and in three months 120,000 copies were scattered from Maine to Georgia; everywhere it kindled a blaze. That flame dissolved most of the crust of doubt and conservatism which still overlay America. Men till then loyal saw the absurdity of enduring misrule by a hereditary tyrant; lovers of peace were nerved to resistance. And what was more, the book's exposition of the merits of democracy gave all American thinking a more radical tinge.

In a new time of crisis, much of Paine's message still holds. We still need his withering scorn of the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot; we can still profit by his exhortation: "Oh, ye that love mankind!—ye that dare oppose not merely the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth!" A good many need to be reminded that if despotism, like hell, is not easily conquered, the harder the struggle the greater the glory. Paine himself found the struggle long. He was a champion, he thought, of universal enlightenment, universal reform, and universal democracy. He fought brilliantly for his causes in America, England, and France, and with but partial and temporary success. He attacked slavery in America, and slavery survived him. When in 1791 he undertook to inform the British (rather too violently) on the "Rights of Man," his friend William Blake had to hustle him out of the country. Even the French revolutionaries threw him into jail and he barely escaped the guillotine. But in his rough, passionate, indomitable way he continued fighting for democracy, reform, and enlightenment until the last sad days when a sense of ungrateful neglect and repudiation overwhelmed him.

Paine is a good subject for a historical novelist; a master controversialist, he lived one of the stormiest of lives, and his picturesque career ended in tragedy. The worst slanders against him, concocted by Gouverneur Morris and James Cheetham, have been thoroughly disproved. In particular the charge that this most religious of men, one of the greatest Deists of his time, was an atheist, has been made absurd. Paine's theological writings were thoroughly religious, and the best of them were an attempt to vindicate God from what he regarded as absurd misrepresentations and belittlements. But much in Paine's mind and character remains unknown, and the historical novelist has scope for original interpretation. He can well present Paine as a hero—and Mr. Fast does so; he can with good reason paint him as one of the liberators of the human mind.

The best element in Mr. Fast's book is the portrait of Paine; a portrait vigorous, consistent, and admiring. The story is a series of vividly imagined and highly dramatic scenes. Its chapter titles identify them—"The Making of a Revolutionist," "The Times that Try Men's Souls," "The Long War," "The Republic of France," "Reason in God and Man." From beginning to end the novel is swift-paced, lusty-spirited, and rhetorical. It grips the reader, and leaves him feeling that he understands some of the personages and occurrences of the turbulent period better. In fact, it is so good that we cannot help wishing that it were a great deal better. To its feverish speed and rhetorical energy it sacrifices the finer shades of historical truth and the more delicate effects of art. It contains many false touches—false to fact, false in taste; it draws altogether too lurid a picture of different social environments; its rude sketches of men like Hamilton, Greene, Condorcet, and Anachorsis Clootz need more finish. The novel has power. But, until Mr. Fast learns to combine power with more restraint, more careful accuracy, and more studied art, his books will not last.

Pulitzer Prize Recapitulation

FICTION

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
LOOK TO THE MOUNTAIN by Le Grand Cannon, Jr. *Henry Holt & Company*	6
THE JUST AND THE UNJUST by James Gould Cozzens *(Harcourt, Brace & Co.)*	4
THE VALLEY OF DECISION by Marcia Davenport *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	2
THE UNVANQUISHED by Howard Fast *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce)*	2
THE GATES OF AULIS by Gladys Schmitt *(Dial Press)*	2
ALONG THESE STREETS by Struthers Burt *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	1
MRS. PARKINGTON by Louis Bromfield *(Harper & Brothers)*	1
DRIVIN' WOMAN by Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier *(Macmillan Co.)*	1
ISLANDIA by Austin Tappen Wright *(Farrar & Rinehart)*	1
THE DRUMS OF MORNING by Philip Van Doren Stern *(Doubleday, Doran & Co.)*	1
THOROFARE by Christopher Morley *(Harcourt, Brace & Co.)*	1
DRAGON'S TEETH by Upton Sinclair *(The Viking Press)*	1
THE MOON IS DOWN by John Steinbeck *(The Viking Press)*	1

BIOGRAPHY

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN by Esther Forbes *(Houghton Mifflin)*	12
ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA by Samuel Eliot Morison *(Little, Brown & Co.)*	5
FRANCIS PARKMAN by Mason Wade *(The Viking Press)*	2
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS by Douglas Freeman *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	1
GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER by Rackham Holt *(Doubleday, Doran)*	1
WILLARD GIBBS by Muriel Rukeyser *(Doubleday, Doran)*	1
I CAME OUT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY by John A. Rice *(Harper & Brothers)*	1

HISTORY

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
LEE'S LIEUTENANTS by Douglas Freeman *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	11
THE OLD SOUTH by T. J. Wertenbaker *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	2
THE COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR by Avery O. Craven *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*	2
THE HIDDEN CIVIL WAR by Wood Gray *(The Viking Press)*	2
FORWARD THE NATION by Donald Culross Peattie *(G. P. Putnam)*	1
THEY WERE EXPENDABLE by W. L. White *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
QUEEN OF THE FLAT-TOPS by Stanley Johnston *(E. P. Dutton)*	1
THE AGE OF ENTERPRISE by Thomas C. Cochran and William Miller *(Macmillan & Co.)*	1
AMERICA, THE STORY OF A FREE PEOPLE by Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager *(Little, Brown)*	1
PAUL REVERE AND THE WORLD HE LIVED IN by Esther Forbes *(Houghton Mifflin)*	1

POETRY

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
A WITNESS TREE by Robert Frost *(Henry Holt)*	5
SELECTED WORKS OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT *(Farrar & Rinehart)*	3
TUMULTUOUS SHORE by Arthur Davison Ficke *(Alfred Knopf)*	2
GOOD INTENTIONS by Ogden Nash *(Little, Brown)*	1
PARTS OF A WORLD by Wallace Stevens *(Alfred Knopf)*	1
PERSON, PLACE AND THING by Karl Shapiro *(Reynal & Hitchcock)*	1
FOR MY PEOPLE by Margaret Walker *(Yale University Press)*	1
THE TWO PERSEPHONES by Robert Morse *(Creative Age Press)*	1

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Individual Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

Sixth Annual Saturday Review Pulitzer Prize Poll

Name	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
DAVID H. APPEL, *The Cleveland News*	The Unvanquished	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	Lee's Lieutenants	A Witness Tree
CLYDE BECK, *The Detroit News*	The Just and the Unjust	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	Lee's Lieutenants	The Two Persephones
HELEN BOWER, *Detroit Free Press*	Look to the Mountain	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	Forward the Nation	Tumultuous Shore
FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*	Along These Streets	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
HAROLD D. CAREW, *Pasadena Star-News*	Look to the Mountain	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	They Were Expendable	Tumultuous Shore
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*	Look to the Mountain	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*	Dragon's Teeth	Admiral of the Ocean Sea	No Vote	For My People
GILBERT E. GOVAN, *Chattanooga Times*	Look to the Mountain	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	The Old South	Selected Works of Stephen Vincent Benét
J. C. GREY, *New York Sun*	The Unvanquished	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	Queen of the Flat-tops	A Witness Tree
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening News*	The Just and the Unjust	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	The Age of Enterprise: A Social History of Industrial America	Good Intentions
KENNETH C. KAUFMAN, *The Daily Oklahoman*	Mrs. Parkington*	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	The Coming of the Civil War	A Witness Tree
CHARLOTTE KOHLER, *Virginia Quarterly Review*	The Valley of Decision	Lee's Lieutenants	The Coming of the Civil War	A Witness Tree
JOSEPH M. LALLEY, *The Washington Post*	The Valley of Decision	Francis Parkman	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
JAY LEWIS, *Ledger-Despatch, Norfolk, Va.*	Drivin' Woman	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	The Hidden Civil War	No Vote
MICHAEL MARCH, *The Brooklyn Citizen*	Look to the Mountain	No Vote	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
JOHN H. McGINNIS AND J. LON TINKLE, *Dallas Morning News*	The Moon Is Down	I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century	Lee's Lieutenants	A Witness Tree
STERLING NORTH, *The Chicago Daily News*	Islandia	Admiral of the Ocean Sea	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *New York Times; Cue*	The Just and the Unjust	Admiral of the Ocean Sea	No Vote	No Vote
WILLIAM M. REDDING, *The Kansas City Star*	The Drums of Morning	Admiral of the Ocean Sea	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
TED ROBINSON, *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*	Thorofare	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	The Old South	Selected Works of Stephen Vincent Benét
WINFIELD T. SCOTT, *Providence Journal*	The Just and the Unjust	Francis Parkman	America, the Story of a Free People	Parts of a World
A. C. SPECTORSKY, *Chicago Sun*	The Gates of Aulis	George Washington Carver*	Lee's Lieutenants	Person, Place and Thing
ROBERT SULLIVAN, *Daily News, N. Y.*	Look to the Mountain	Admiral of the Ocean Sea	Lee's Lieutenants	No Vote
CHARLES A. WAGNER, *N. Y. Mirror*	The Gates of Aulis	Willard Gibbs	Paul Revere and the World He Lived In	Selected Works of Stephen Vincent Benét

**Ineligible (Published in 1943)*

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Back of Port Darwin

CAPRICORNIA. By Xavier Herbert. New York: Appleton-Century Co. 1943. 649 pp. $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

NEARLY all novels about Australia suffer from the thesis bug. It is true of one of the earliest and still one of the best, Marcus Clark's "For the Term of His Natural Life"; it was true of that fine book "The Timeless Land," and it is extremely, sometimes wearisomely true of Mr. Herbert's "Capricornia." It is as if, willing as they would be to forget it, mild offenders as were many of the men and women transported, Australians cannot yet rid themselves of the painful stigma of their ancestry. Only the late Helen Simpson was completely free from the self-defensive attitude adopted by most serious Australian novelists — not, of course, by such a popular writer as Rolph Boldrewood. Xavier Herbert writes of that part of his island continent which is in the news today—the ungrateful, harsh, lovely, inhospitable country back of Port Darwin.

His thesis is, put briefly, that white Australians—at least in the Northern Territory—are monstrously unjust not only to the black aboriginies and the half-breeds and quadroons, but also to the industrious Chinese and their mixed descendants who have worked so hard to make an intolerable land at least possible for white habitation. In a brief introduction Mr. van Doren calls the book "tender and tough." I can find no toughness: I should call it tender, melodramatic, and sentimental. Mr. Herbert piles horror after horror on his characters with a ruthless devotion that makes him a good advocate but a worse novelist. He sentimentalizes over his colored people; and his satire on many of the whites is of the crudely typical kind. For instance, not a parson in the book is anything but a hypocrite, and a blind hypocrite at that; their very names, Gordon Prayter, Theodore Hollower, Simon Bleeter, exemplify his naiveté, as does Caesar Bightit, as a name for a capable and not too honest attorney. This sermonizing fault detracts a great deal from the virtues of a story which in its main outline, and in much of its detailed study of characters, has great merits.

In so far as the book has a hero it is Norman Shillingworth—son of Mark Shillingworth and Marowallua, an aborigine. Norman, whose father is an attractive, useless fellow, deserts the boy, who is adopted, at first unwillingly, by his brother Oscar, a well-drawn portrait of a weakly respectable business-man in adversity. Oscar removes Norman from old associations, and brings him up to believe he is the son of a Javanese. We follow Norman's career through violent and peaceful vicissitudes: always brutality, injustice, and the sheer caprice of destiny play a larger part in his story, and every one else's, than kindness, honesty, and decency. Mr. Herbert portrays an extraordinarily unpleasant community; his people have the malice and mischief but not the soiled salt of humor of the people in "Tobacco Road." Throughout the book the chief theme is the licensed and unlicensed sexual relations between whites and blacks, whites and half-castes. Mr. Herbert evidently feels strongly on the subject, and believes miscegenation to be good; but it is hard to see how any good can come from the foul and drunken men who indulge their lust for "Black Velvet."

The period of the book is of the last war; and some of the best and most pungent passages in the book are concerned with the rascally Frank McClash and the lovable, irascible Tim O'Connor, one of the few white men who really love the half-castes. Needless to say, he comes to a miserable and bloody end. The story finishes with Norman's trial and acquittal on a charge of murder, of his return home to find the bones of his wife and baby in the grounds of the house left to him by Oscar.

Xavier Herbert

The violence of "Capricornia" achieves in the end only incredulity—what remains as successful and often beautiful is the description of the country, both in the wet and the hot seasons, and the sympathetic treatment of Norman, of Tim O-Cannon, and some of the half-castes.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FAVORITE DRINKS OF FAMOUS CHARACTERS

Here are some fictional figures who are associated in one way or another with unusual drinks. Do you remember them? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created them, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 26.

1. This vicar's wife was renowned for her excellent gooseberry wine.
2. In a pub where the other patrons were known by the kind of drinks they ordered instead of their names, this elderly raconteur always ordered hot scotch and lemon.
3. One of a trio of elderly spinsters, she always had a bottle of blackberry cordial on hand for emergencies.
4. This elderly doctor had no difficulty in persuading four contemporaries to drink some water from the Fountain of Youth.
5. This sea-going engineer was fond of a brand of whiskey known as Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch.
6. While serving drinks at a bowling party, he drank so much gin on the sly that he passed out and didn't revive for a long time.
7. Whether they drank it or not is not known, but this trio brewed a broth containing such items as toads, frog's tongues, a shark's stomach, and a lizard's leg.
8. In a drinking contest he almost succeeded in emptying a rather large flagon, only to learn later that the other end of it was connected to the sea.
9. When only one day old this precocious child drank the milk of 17,913 cows.
10. This Cuban gentleman found relief from the heat by lounging on his veranda alternately dozing and drinking planter's punch.

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To Mother, with Love

Some Thoughts About Books on Mother's Day

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THIS is a year of broken families. Millions of boys, men, and young women are away from home. Most of them are in the services, but many also are absent on war work. So Mother's Day becomes something more than extra business for the florists and the telegraph companies. It has a new significance, the bridging of distance and often danger, and a reassurance that old ties still hold.

Yet it is true of the unbroken families also. We are an inarticulate people. We would rather say it with flowers than with words. Too often we do not say it at all. And flowers fade. Letters are read and put carefully away. Even telegrams of this sort can no longer be sent. Then what?

To me the ideal answer is a book. Not just any book, of course. Mothers differ. Some are young, some old. Some are brave. Others are not so brave. Some can read the facts about our two wars, some cannot face them.

"How is your daughter taking it?" I asked a woman who has two grandsons in the war.

"She is just there," she said. "Like a rock. Like Gibraltar."

So we have all sorts of mothers, and all sorts of books for them. They need not be about the war, of course. There are plenty of others. Indeed, I know many women to whom I would not send a war book at all. Perhaps the writers are to blame for this. They lay too much emphasis on the dramatic, which so often is danger and sudden death. This is what war is, but mothers with sons in the services can imagine enough, as I knew to my cost during the last war.

I would not, for instance, send an engrossing little book by a nurse called "I Served on Bataan," by Lieutenant Juanita Redmond, with our lack of knowledge of what has happened there since then, to any woman who had a son on that peninsula. On the other hand, when an action is over—as in Stanley Johnston's splendid "Queen of the Flat-Tops"—I would send it to anyone.

There is this to remember. Our millions of war mothers are particularly interested in that part of the world to which their sons have been sent, or are likely to go. Pre-war books on the Southern Pacific Islands or the Dutch East Indies can be had, as well as on North Africa. A good atlas is valuable, too. As for what I call the action books—reports on actual war events—there are many. For the Pacific, there is, in addition to "Queen of the Flat-Tops," John Hersey's "Into the Valley," Richard Tregaskis's "Guadalcanal Diary," Rickenbacker's "Seven Came Through," William L. White's "They Were Expendable," and Clark Lee's "They Call It Pacific"; this last fully informative and non-emotional.

And of course there is Robert Carse's "There Go the Ships," the story of a convoy to Murmansk. It is one of the most gripping and forceful stories of the war, but it is definitely not for mothers who have sons in the Merchant Marine, or in any sea-going service. Only if your blood pressure is normal do I recommend it.

There is much less being written about these Atlantic activities, however, due to the need for secrecy. There are several others, not always for the faint-hearted, but a very fine one is Lieutenant Commander Coale's "North Atlantic Patrol."

Out of the dozens, perhaps hundreds, of war books I have read, these few stand out in my mind. It is in no sense a list. If I have placed the war books first it is because I think they rank first in importance. But there are other books, relating to the war but not of it, such as William L. White's "Journey for Margaret," a book which might have been written for all mothers.

There are not many laughs so far. Humor always fails in times like these. But mothers like to laugh, and need to. So of course there is "See Here, Private Hargrove," and "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." And now a new one, called "Mr. Winkle Goes to War," a wise and cheerful little book which belongs in this group.

Mary Roberts Rinehart

But the fact is that there is a vast change in the reading habits of women today. They are reading more solid stuff. My lending library tells me that they are demanding Vincent Sheean's "Between the Thunder and the Sun"; that comparatively few are reading Alice Leone Moats's impertinent but informative "Blind Date with Mars"; that the difference between the reading of men and women has largely vanished, both wanting facts and their interpretation as to the war and world conditions, and seeking escape from them in mystery and crime.

In a violent world this is understandable, but it also gives a wider variety to the books one can send on Mother's Day. Let mother live her anxious days, and then retire at night to a life of crime if she can. There are hundreds of such books, but a very good one is "Experiment Perilous," by Margaret Carpenter, far above the average, and another one, called "Tunnel from Calais," by David Rame, exciting enough to keep even grandmother awake at night.

So far I have said little about novels. The novelist is in difficulties today. He deals in a static society, and nothing is static now. So we have mostly historical tales, such as Lloyd Douglas's "The Robe," and Hervey Allen's "The Forest and the Fort," with only Marcia Davenport's "The Valley of Decision" and Louis Bromfield's "Mrs. Parkington" to strike a more or less modern note among the best-sellers. Any one of these is well worth while.

And of course there is Wendell Willkie's "One World," which can be bought for a dollar in the paper edition. Whether mother agrees with Mr. Willkie or not, she should know what he thinks and says.

But, as I have said, the choice depends on the recipient. There are women today reading their Bibles as they have never read them before, and straining their eyes in doing so. The Bible in the average American home is practically unreadable. Why not a new one, with large pages and clear print? Or a book on gardening, especially food gardening? Or a new cook book, especially if it contains recipes for war rations?

This, then, is my list. It has many gaps in it. I read constantly, but I cannot read all the books which are published. But I am a woman and a mother. Every book I have listed I have read and cared for. And a book lasts, especially if on the fly-leaf it says, "To Mother, with love."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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RANDOM NOTES ON THE WAR

"WE'VE been getting a lot of sentimental novels by early Victorian ladies of about 1880. The Marines take one look at them and groan. They want detective, adventure, and action novels, and some of the best modern novels," writes Captain Robert Jacobs, U.S.M.C., from the Solomon Islands, according to a "Quote" in the current *Atlantic Monthly*. The antidote for grim and strenuous living is apparently more of the same, not escape to the gentle pastures of love-making or the romantic dalliance of the imagination. One might suppose the violent business of war would wake nostalgia in the soldiers for the quiet humdrum of normal life, that living adventure they would seek repose when they turned to books, yet evidently men immersed in the turbulence of battle regard experience less hazardous and exciting than their own as making tame reading and will have none of it. It is comprehensible, too, on second thought, for their only real world is that of the moment; the concentration of effort, the exaltation of will aroused by the immediacy of danger, the automatic response to the call of duty make the dubieties and hesitations of peacetime life appear as trivial as the pleasures and routine occupations of civilian existence seem remote from the actualities of the hour. The time may yet come, however, as it did in the great awakening of interest in the psycho-analytical after the last war, when men, weary of the adventures of the body, will find their greatest concern in pursuing the divagations of the soul. . . .

As for the civilian population, the home front, it, too, has lost interest for the time being in the romantic and the sentimental. There never was a time in recent years when the novel of manners and the psychological novel played so small a part in serious fiction, at least in so far as they have reflected the contemporary scene. It is the action of masses of men, men in industry, men in conflict with their environment, men uprooted from their fatherland, desperately fighting to maintain their personal liberties and reconstruct from the wreckage of normal life some modicum of happiness rather than the complications, the joys, and the stresses of the individual in an orderly society that have held interest. In the general Gethsemane of humanity the woes or weal of any single person sink out of sight. It must be so in war time or else no individual could bear the agonizing anxiety he is called upon to endure when all his dearest affections rest on the issue of battle. It is only the knowledge that all must hold together lest the slackening of fibre bring all to defeat that sustains him in his private sorrows. Literature is aware of this, or rather writers are so caught up by the consciousness of it, that one after another has been stricken into silence. It is not accident that many of our erstwhile noted novelists have produced nothing since the war broke out. . . .

Another handicap against which our creative writers have had to struggle is the almost impossibility of successfully using the war itself as background for fiction or drama. Reportage in this war has been more comprehensive, more vigorous, more realistic than ever in the past. Beside the actuality as it reaches us through correspondence or by radio or in the factual books of observers the fictional representation can hardly be other than pallid. The reality is so dramatic, its scope so enormous, that to attempt to translate it into terms of the novel or the play is to be confronted with the same inevitable foreshortening of the majestic as occurs when the painter endeavors to recreate the grandeur of a mountain range on his canvas. Or as the dramatist must battle against when he peoples his stage with the heroes of a nation. Examples, "The Eve of St. Mark" and "The Patriots." . . .

Will the present war bring forth so noble a prose as H. W. Nevinson wielded when, as the embers of the last conflict were dying, he recalled memories of ancient battle at the Dardanelles:

> The time is fast approaching when the deserted Peninsula of Gallipoli looking across to Troy will be haunted by kindred memories. There the many men so beautiful had their habitation. There they knew the finest human joy—the joy of active companionship in a cause which they accounted noble. There they faced the utmost hardship of suffering and pain, the utmost terrors of death, and there they endured separation from those whom they most loved. The crowded caverns in which they made their dwelling-place are already falling in, except where some shepherd uses a Headquarters as more weatherproof than his hut, or as a sheltered pen for sheep. The trenches which they dug and held to the death have crumbled into furrows, covered with grass and flowers, or with crops more fertile for so deep a ploughing. The graves are obliterated, and the scattered bones which cost so much in the breeding have returned to earth. But in our history the Peninsula of the Dardanelles, the Straits, the surrounding seas, and the islands set among them will always remain as memorials recording, it is true, the disastrous and tragic disabilities of our race, but, on the other hand, its versatility, its fortitude, and its happy though silent welcome to any free sacrifice involving great issues for mankind.

It was Winston Churchill who conceived the Dardanelles adventure, so disastrous and yet so near to being one of the most magnificent events of military history; and it is Churchill who a quarter of a century later is embodying Britain's "versatility, its fortitude, and its happy though silent welcome to any free sacrifice involving great issues for mankind." A. L.

Consider the Wildcat

By Bridget Dryden

NO statement can be weighed but ecstasy;
Consider, then, the wildcat, creature furry
and furious, his rhythm's beauty
flowing from passion and from violent
contained preparedness, yellow-eyed delay,
to the striped billow of his hurry.
No fact can be assayed but ecstasy.

Nothing else counts but birth and ecstasy,
the taut accomplished punctual stroke.
Heap not that copper-colored hemlock branch
for sad memorial upon
what watery weed of campion
will suck up into life and pinkly cloak.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stephen Leacock's Mushroom Days

SIR:—This has nothing to do with literature. For no good reason at all, I am writing you about mushrooms. You see, I am very fond of mushrooms. Often I go out from my home town to where there are some big open pastures and gather up a whole basketful, carry them part of the way home, and then—throw them away.

Sometimes I carry them only as far as the pasture fence and throw them away there; at other times I take them part of the way home and throw them away beside the road or in a culvert. Sometimes I go alone, or sometimes with another man—someone also keen on mushrooms—and then we perhaps carry them further and don't throw them away until after we have said goodbye.

Your trouble is, you see, are the darned things mushrooms? You feel all right about it when you pick them. and then later, perhaps quite suddenly, the doubt comes—are they really mushrooms, or are they that deadly thing, what's it called, the *culex americanus?* or the *codex siniaticus?* —anyhow the kind that poisons you in less than five minutes.

Yet it seems such a shame to throw away beautiful mushrooms, without at least trying them out, that at times I carry my mushrooms right into town and give them away to any friends I meet.

And that reminds me of the day I gave the mushrooms to Arthur Hart, or rather, to use the name that he gave himself, Art 'Art. Art was a little Cockney Englishman. He was a friendly little fellow as all Cockneys are, and liked to be called by his Christian name, Art, rather than by his surname 'Art.

As soon as he felt that he had made an acquaintance he would say, "I sy, don't call me 'Art; just call me Art; that's good enough, ain't it?"

Then he would explain himself in more detail. "I don't like formality. When people start, 'Art this and 'Art that, I always sy, 'Look 'ere, ole chap, never mind that 'Art business, just call me Art'."

Well, I was coming back one day from getting mushrooms and had just thrown my basketful into a culvert outside the town when I met my friend Webber on the street, and he gave me another basketful. I couldn't throw them away while Webber was in sight, and I was still carrying them when I met Art.

"My 'at," he said, "those are fine mushrooms!"

I realized that there are a lot of Englishmen who know all about mushrooms. So I said, "Take them, Art, I have some at home already."

"I certainly will," Art said readily and away he went with the mushrooms.

And the next day. first thing I knew, somebody said to me on the street:

"Did you hear about Arthur Hart? They don't think he'll live."

"Great Caesar!" I said. "What's the matter?"—though I felt I knew.

"Poisoned, so the doctors say; something he must have eaten, only Arthur says he didn't eat anything in particular at all."

It occurred to me that if Art was going to say nothing about the mushrooms, I wouldn't mention them either, not even later on. Life has to carry these buried recollections.

However, Art got better. I saw him on the street a few days later and I said, "Art, I'm terribly sorry about giving you those mushrooms that poisoned you, and it was fine of you to say nothing about it."

"Ho, no!" Art said. "I didn't eat the mushrooms. I threw them away as soon as you were out of sight. I always do."

"But what poisoned you, Art?" I asked.

Art looked all around and put his hand to the side of his mouth and said in a low voice:

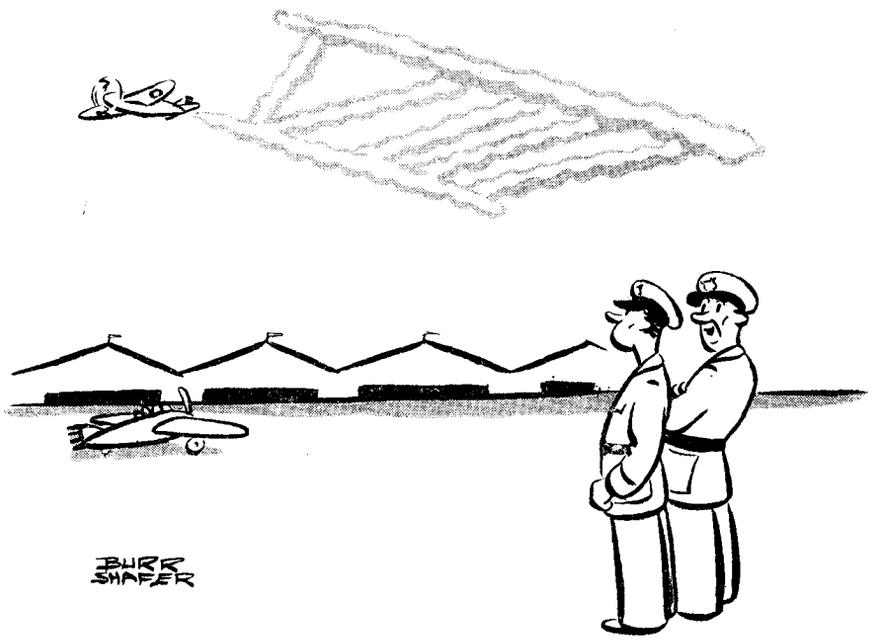
"Hooch!"

* * *

There seems a sort of moral to this letter, but it might work the wrong way. I won't try to draw it: I'll leave the cork in it.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

McGill University,
Toronto.



"That's Cadet Hetherington making his figure eights the hard way."

Horace Greeley to Dr. Shaw

SIR:—The enclosed letter was written by Horace Greeley to my father-in-law, Dr. Samuel Parsons Shaw, who was born in Maine, but lived for many years in Manchester, England, where he was one of the founders of Victoria College.

Office of the Tribune,
New York, Feb. 20, 1861.

My Dear Sir:

I have been in the valley of the Mississippi for the month past, and only returned yesterday to find your private note of the 4th ult. I believe the extracts which accompanied it have already appeared in due season in the *Tribune.*

I assure you that cotton may be grown as cheaply by Free as by Slave Labor, and that the Germans of Texas (whose head-quarters is at New Braunfels) *do* grow it at a profit and of superior quality. It *is* grown by Free Labor to some extent in North Alabama, and could be extensively in other Slave States, were it not that the violence and terrorism there prevalent would mark for speedy destruction all engaged in the experiment. With a rich, mellow soil, and a moist, warm (tropical or semitropical) climate it can be grown any where unless precluded by the high price of land. Its culture is steadily extending in Hayti, where it grows luxuriously, and might be immensely stimulated in that and other West Indies, and in all the countries surrounding the Càribbean Sea. But I presume the *Tribune* is filed in Manchester, and that you have seen therein, as well as in other American periodicals, several articles on the subject.

I think we are now likely to avoid the rock of compromise, and to settle our difficulties in or out of the Union in a manly way, and that the present arrogance of our slave holding oligarchy is not much longer either to disgust or amuse the civilized worlds.

Yours,
Horace Greeley.

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Plain American Fighters

OUR SOLDIERS SPEAK, 1775-1918. By William Matthews and Dixon Wecter. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1943. 365 *pp.*, $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

"THE average soldier, in battles fought by Americans, from Lexington to the Argonne, is to most people very nearly unknown." So write the authors of this successful effort to make him better understood. Mr. Matthews is an expert upon American diaries and other original narratives; Mr. Wecter is an astute student of American social phenomena. They have pooled their talents upon a book that is no mere compilation of martial reminiscences, but a contribution of solid merit to American history. Its quoted selections, drawn from a wide variety of little-known sources, possess novelty—some of them are even taken from unpublished manuscripts. And they are knit together by a careful running commentary which throws real light upon the sociology and psychology of American wars.

Since practically all our well-known books of military and naval reminiscence have been written by officers, it is refreshing to find a volume devoted exclusively to the private and the noncom. Mr. Matthews and Mr. Wecter run a wide gamut to prove that "a soldier's a man." They begin with a plain "minnit man" who fought at Concord under what he called "stricked orders not to fire first, then to fire as fast as we could"; a Rhode Island sergeant who helped drive Von Donop's Hessians before the American forces into Trenton; a Yankee sailor wounded in the capture of the *Admiral Duff* by three grapeshot which made mincemeat of his upper jaw; and a Georgia private who served intrepidly as scout and spy despite the danger of "short shrift and sudden cord." They go on to a regular who fought with Harrison at Tippecanoe, a Kentucky private who escaped death in the Indian massacre on the River Raisin only to be led a captive to the British lines, and another Kentucky rifleman who was firing madly at Packenham's troops when they assaulted Jackson's entrenchments at New Orleans. A little later an Indianian describes the conflict at Buena Vista, when "the whole mountainside glittered with the enemy's bayonets and lances"; an Alabama boy who loved pecans and felt queer when he heard the bullets whistle gives an animated account of the taking of Vera Cruz.

But two-thirds of this excellent volume is devoted to the Civil War, Spanish War, and first war against Germany. The quality of the narratives grows better. Our common soldiers, who always knew how to observe, were learning to report. A really magnificent account of Shiloh, vivid and stirring, is contributed by Corporal Leander Stillwell of the 61st Illinois, who should have become a writer. The noise, the sights, the incidents, the officers' commands, are all projected in crisp, nervous English; and, beyond this, Stillwell tells what passed through his mind. A young Ohioan, William Pittenger, gives a most exciting account of the famous locomotive-chase in Georgia in April, 1862, when General Mitchell sent a secret expedition deep into the South on a railroad raid. Sergeant Malone of North Carolina, who was "graduated in the cornfield and tobacco patch," tells us what a man from the sticks thought of battle and prison life (for he was captured on the Rappahannock), and unconsciously gives us an insight into untutored Southern minds. Some "tarnished patriots" appear, and we are shown how in 1865 Johnny came marching home.

The authors deserve our thanks for exhuming the ruggedly effective bits of Civil War reminiscence from old magazines and obscure volumes. They equally deserve our gratitude for digging out of the Virginia State Library some of the soldiers' diaries and narratives collected by the Virginia War History Commission after 1918. Some fine bits of writing on the last war were published locally, and have gained little attention. Elmer Sherwood's diary of a Rainbow Division veteran, the work of a friendly, funloving, keenwitted Indiana corporal, was issued at Terre Haute in 1929. The excerpts here given, wonderfully graphic and amusing, ought to lead to a demand for the whole book. So should the extracts from Raymond Wunderlich's record of trench and dugout life, printed at Stockton, Cal., in 1919. Wunderlich was hit at Belleau Wood by three shells, one of which got his right leg, another the top of his left foot, and the third his left arm; but, though at time he "felt too sick to notice much of anything," he not only survived but put down an extraordinarily lucid and comprehensive account of the episode. In sharp contrast to the matter-of-fact realism of his tale is the swagger of a Virginia private's letter to his home folks—"I am going to bring back that German's teeth for you."

William Matthews (left) and Dixon Wecter have teamed up to provide a contribution of solid merit to American history.

We do not need to be told that privates and subalterns saw more of the dirt, drudgery, and blood of war than most officers see, and hence can write about it more convincingly. The authors reach some interesting conclusions about our rank and file from Valley Forge to Guadalcanal. They find that by and large our private is an unflinching democrat. They find that he is unemotional; he does not like flagwaving or rhetoric, and, though he can feel hatred over such atrocities as he saw in 1917-18, in general he forgets passion quickly, and fights best when he fights coolly. They tell us that he takes a keenly critical attitude toward his officers; if his superiors win his regard, it must be by brains and efficiency. He resents his own anonymity and struggles against it. Confronted with all the intolerable sights, sounds, and sufferings of the battlefront, he grows tough and earthy; that is, he develops a protective crust, of which his profanity, his hardboiled humor, and his taste for a little looting are part. However much he schools himself to war, he is eager to get out of it and back to the peacetime job. But, while it lasts, the soldier, whether he is frankly homesick or posing as a specially hard guy, does his duty by his country.

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...where these earthquakes were the most violent...

The following excerpts from the introduction to Stefan Zweig's autobiography convey something of the intent and spirit of a work which may become a classic:

"Actually it is not so much the course of my own destiny that I relate, but that of an entire generation, the generation of our time, which was loaded down with a burden of fate as was hardly any other in the course of history...I know of no pre-eminence that I can claim, in the midst of the multitude, except this: that as an Austrian, a Jew, an author, a humanist, and a pacifist, I have always stood at the exact point where these earthquakes were the most violent. Three times they have overthrown my house and my existence, severed me from the past . . .

"When I carelessly speak of 'my life,' I am forced to ask 'which life?'—the one before the World War, the one between the first and the second, or the life of today?. . . Or I say 'among our people,' and then I must acknowledge with dismay that for a long time past I have not belonged to the people of my country any more than I belong to the English or the Americans . . . I myself was a contemporary of the two greatest wars of mankind, and even passed through each one of them on a different front, the one on the German, the other on the anti-German . . . I have been celebrated and despised, free and unfree, rich and poor.

"All the livid steeds of the Apocalypse have stormed through my life—revolution and famine, inflation and terror, epidemics and emigration . . . To give witness of this tense, dramatic life of ours, filled with the unexpected, seems to me a duty...So choose and speak for me, ye memories, and at least give some reflection of my life before it sinks into the dark!"

Stefan ZWEIG

The WORLD of YESTERDAY

THE VIKING PRESS, *Illustrated* **$3.00**

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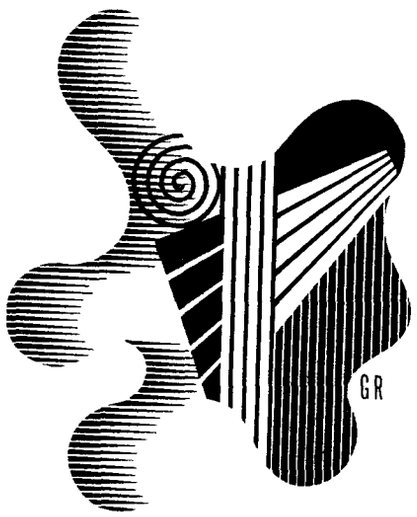
TRADE Winds

AT A PUBLISHERS' LUNCHEON the other day, the head of one firm that had been hit particularly hard by paper rationing remarked bitterly that one way to save paper painlessly would be to prohibit newspapers from printing another word about crackbrained socialites who stand on their heads at the opera, chew pieces out of police booths, or get married every other month or so. He was particularly incensed by the story of that patent medicine heiress who thought Hitler was a wonderful guy and married a Swedish waiter in order to get out of the United States. The rest of us thought he was all wrong. Stories about imbeciles who inherit fortunes and use them only to disgrace themselves make every poor goof who has to work hard for a living—including book publishers!—feel ever so much more contented with their lot. The stories should not be printed on front pages, however; they belong back with quotations on hogs and cattle. . . .

CHANNING POLLOCK, in his autobiography, "Harvest of My Years," tells the story of a train acquaintanceship made on his first journey, when he was fourteen. His fellow passenger, a stockily built man, took an interest in his youthful views on Byron and Dickens. Finally he inquired, "Have you ever read 'Sherlock Holmes?'" "Don't you think," said Pollock pontifically, "that detective stories are a waste of time?" "No, I don't," said the stranger. "You see, I write them. My name is A. Conan Doyle." . . . S. J. Perelman had an even more astonishing encounter one time aboard a train, to hear him tell the tale. A loquacious conductor confided to him that he had been riding on trains for so long that he had begun to smell like one. "Sure enough," adds Mr. P., "Two brakemen waved their lanterns at him a short time later and tried to tempt him down a siding in Kansas City. It came as a blow when I heard the next morning that he had fallen off the train during the night. The fireman said that we had circled about for an hour trying to find him but that it had been impossible to lower a boat because we did not carry a boat." . . .

DUFF COOPER, prominent member of the Churchill Government, bobs up rather surprisingly as the author of "David," a biography of the King of Israel, to be published on May 19th by Harper's in association with the Co-operation Publishing Company. Max Eastman has read the script and says that it is "a beautiful and dramatic story of one of the most variously gifted men that ever lived." . . . An album of Whitney Darrow Jr.'s superlative cartoons will be published this fall under the arresting title of "You're Sitting on My Eyelashes." . . . Erskine Caldwell's forthcoming novel, "Georgia Boy," has several Hollywood studios in a lather. . . . Little, Brown are performing a service to mankind by reviving Evelyn Waugh's "Decline and Fall." Woollcott once said of this book, "It has the desperate jauntiness of an orchestra fiddling away for dear life on a sinking ship." I remember it lovingly for one priceless sentence, that is to me the epitome of British humor: "'Meet my daughter,' said the Bishop with some disgust." . . . Kay Swift, New York socialite and composer, married a cowboy who was performing at the Rodeo in the World's Fair, and settled down to raising horses on a ranch in Oregon. What's more, she's had a whale of a time there. Now she has written a book about her experiences, and named it "Who Could Ask for Anything More?" . . . . Pocket Books have sold more than a million copies of "See Here, Private Hargrove" and Houghton Mifflin are digging into their second hundred thousand of Lloyd Douglas's "The Robe." Shucks, "The Pocket Book of War Humor" hasn't done so badly either. . . .

"DESERT VICTORY," the official British film story of the Eighth Army's pursuit of Rommel is ten times as exciting as American newsreels from Africa. The reason does not lie in inferior skill or ingenuity on the part of American camera men, but in the fact that the English have wisely permitted their directors to insert studio shots here and there to heighten the suspense. They are posed by real soldiers, and consist of close-ups of men waiting for the zero-hour or advancing behind sappers through the mine fields. American authorities not only have frowned on harmless trimmings of this sort, but have scissored thousands of feet of the most thrilling action shots. When censors get drunk with power, the entire public suffers from the hangover.



I WOULDN'T DREAM of divulging his name, but one of the nicest fellows in the printing business determined last week to make his donation to the Red Cross blood bank, although he turns green at mere mention of any organ in the human body, and takes to his bed for a day if he cuts himself while shaving. The doctor asked him to sit down, and, while finishing a report he was writing, described an interesting operation he had performed that morning. "Funny thing," he concluded. "I told that same story to the fellow who was in here ahead of you, and the darn fool fainted dead away!" This remark eliciting neither a chuckle nor a comment from the audience, the doctor looked up from his report. Our noble printer was stretched flat on the floor, out like a light. It took the contrite medico fifteen minutes to bring him to. . . . Announcement of a new book of satirical ditties by Harry Ruby, called "Songs My Mother Never Sang," brings to mind the summer of 1912 in Atlantic City. Ruby, who later went on to write the music for several Marx Brothers shows, such hit parade leaders as "Three Little Words" and "I Wanna Be Loved By You," and countless motion pictures, was playing the piano in a Woolworth store on the Boardwalk. Two blocks away, another youngster was plugging songs in a rival five-and-ten. Every night the two boys would dine at Child's and compare sales. The name of the other song plugger? George Gershwin. . . . One of Ruby's new songs is an ode to a mythical college named Tannenbaum. The last line reads, "Hooray for one-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine-T A N - n e n - baum!" . . . .

SIMON AND SCHUSTER's "Income Tax Manual" (prepared by J. K. Lasser) has become so national an institution that a score or more of citizens sent their tax checks to S. and S. instead of to the Collector of Internal Revenue! The Manual is the result of an inspiration of Leon Shimkin, who also dreamed up the notion of persuading Dale Carnegie to pen "How to Make

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"The Little Woman did the lettering job and also wrote the copy!"

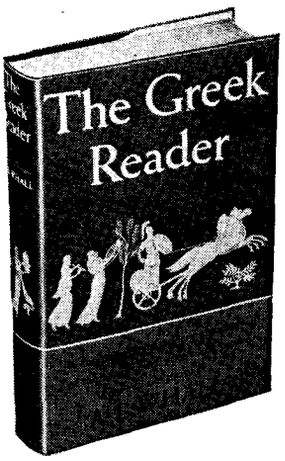
Friends." His head unturned by these strokes of genius, Leon still revels in his original job of watching the pennies for the Inner Sanctum, and boy, oh boy, is his a concentrated gaze! Recently an authoress bearded him in his den, bent upon extracting a large advance on a novel that she admitted would not be finished for another two years at least. Asked why she wanted an advance so far in advance, she murmured something about foreclosures, increased living expenses, sickness in the family, and a husband whose tastes ran to vintage wines and Charvet cravats. "Stop! Stop!" cried the emotional Shimkin. "You'll have me jumping out of the window in another minute." The lady was clear into the Sixth Avenue subway before she realized that she hadn't collected a penny of the advance. . . .

DOROTHY KILGALLEN notes with amusement that the man who wrote the book called "How to Get a Commission" is still a private. I know the author of one of the most graphic sex manuals in the country who turns nine shades of red if a girl nods her head to him. . . . Harcourt, Brace are about to publish Dr. Gregory Zilboorg's "Mind, Medicine, and Man." You'd be surprised to read a list of the famous literary figures who have been psychoanalyzed by Dr. Zilboorg. . . . Speaking of the courtesy advertising done by several publishers for the Imperative Book "Into the Valley," Warder Norton reported "there were several good plugs at the bottom of publishers' list ads last week." "There always are!" commented the cynical Curtice Hitchcock. . . .

MY CONTRIBUTION to Mother's Day this year is the story of the day in 1929 when Myra Hampton, now the wife of Paul Streger, the agent, and secretary of George Kaufman, gave birth to a baby boy. That night the Thanatopsis Poker Club, whose full membership knew and loved Myra, chipped in and bought the infant one share of United States Steel, then selling at something like two hundred and fifty dollars a share. Shortly thereafter Wall Street collapsed. At the next meeting of the club, Franklin P. Adams remarked casually, "I hear that Myra's kid has been clipped by the market!" . . . .

A TALE that may take a few of our high-powered book peddlers down a peg concerns the visit of a man in quest of a bottle of catsup to Finkelstein's Grocery Store. The shelves of the entire store were solidly lined with bags of salt—hundreds upon hundreds of them. Mr. Finkelstein allowed as how he had a stock of catsup, but had to go down to the cellar to fetch a bottle. The customer went with him, and there, to his surprise, found another huge stock of salt stacked on all sides. "Say," commented the customer, "you certainly must sell a lot of salt in this store!" "Nah," said Mr. Finkelstein with resignation. "I can't sell no salt at all. But the feller who sells *me* salt! Can *he* sell salt!" . . . .

BENNETT CERF.



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Land of Nihilism

MEN FROM NOWHERE. By Jean Malaquais. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1943. 316 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

"NO-LAND'S men" are the protagonists of this novel written by a young Polish-born French author and published in France some time before the outbreak of this war. Family rebels, international hobos, adventurers "less the chivalry and the Robin Hood stuff," or simply refugees from the waxing political oppression of Europe's early theories, they all have landed down in the dump of a forlorn spot in southern France where a small mining company offers them work at starvation wages. Settled on a spit of shoreland so remote from all native life that people call it the "island of Java," these men from practically every country of Europe and the Near East, "illegal" laborers most of them or even wanderers without papers, have formed a strange community. It is an unusual background. But "Men from Nowhere" is an even more unusual book.

Looked at from the purely structural angle, many of its characters, in spite of their peculiar status, are more or less shop-worn fictional figures: a half-witted Russian émigré girl insisting on being a princess, a German aristocrat who couldn't stand the discipline of homelife, a complacent Englishman, a Jewish student prodigy who ran away from scholarship, a couple of bribable police sergeants, or a prostitute who falls madly in love with an occasional visitor. But the amazing thing is that the reader doesn't come to realize how little that is novel there is in their types. About the most pathetic of them as well as the least likable there is something complex and often contradictory, and an oscillating aura of rationally inexplicable elements which makes these people significant far beyond their type and, first of all, deeply human. Gradually, the individual life stories of the "islanders" and their French neighbors grow into the narrative—and they aren't cleansed by an overlord-narrator: dreams and illusions, man's perpetual self-delusion, his sins and his lies are carried along like rocks which a glacier carries downward into the valley, and only sometimes a touch of irony and a merciful humor tries to shape these stories—just as the glacier's stream molds its moraines.

There is a great deal of action in this book, and yet no plot, hardly a consecutive main story. No matter how "abnormal" an incident may be, it takes almost at once the character of a normal, "natural" experience, is accepted without undue astonishment, and becomes a part of life. Childbirth or fatal accident, attempted homicide or a declaration of friendship ("superfluous because his feelings were deeper than words could describe"), boredom or a brothel row—it makes very little difference in value. A beautiful tenderness permeates the whole novel, shining through the naturalism of even the most obscene passage, and

Jean Malaquais

leaves to the many sombre scenes that one ray of hope on which man lives and by which he survives. The "islanders" have been taught that "one man's life is tied to another's by a thin thread, a thread which bleeds when it is broken."

The author presents neither heroes nor villains—except, perhaps, the "law," or rather, that specific French xenophobia behind its petty execution. And as a matter of course (and also taken as such) the authorities finally triumph over that "riff-raff," that "nameless scum." The British-owned company, unable to get along with native hands, closes down, and the two hundred aliens move on "into the great unknown." They are to meet more and more of their brotherhood these days.

Many a reader is likely to be puzzled at first by M. Malaquais's novel—by its undeniable unevenness, its slow pace, by a certain confusion of methods, its curious mixture of the present and the past, or by its intertwining of reality, dreaming and the twilight in-between. And although his work is fascinating all the way, it does not, in fact, make exactly easy reading. But it is definitely worth while. It is the kind of first novel critics are prone to label "most promising." This reviewer for one isn't disposed to be so condescending.

Italo-Americana

THE GOLDEN WEDDING. By Jo Pagano. New York: Random House. 1943. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES SMYTH

CLOSE on the heels of Jerre Mangione's "Mount Allegro" comes another novel of Italian-American family life. Less turbulent than Mr. Mangione's gusty citizens, more swiftly assimilated into the American fabric, the Simone family are no less intensely conceived and are, if anything, more sympathetic; less picturesquely foreign to the reader's eyes, and, therefore, more immediate and intimate.

From the day of his arrival in Coalville, Colorado, in 1880, to the celebration of his golden wedding some fifty-five years later, the story of Luigi Simone is, at one and the same time, the story of an individual, the story of an Italian immigrant of the period, and the story of many Americans of native stock. He marries; he raises a family of children who cause him and his wife much heartache and much pleasure; he prospers, after a difficult start; he suffers in the depression; somehow, through inner strength, survives; marries off his daughters; and, as the book ends, looks upon a rich, hard, honorable life. That he is an Italian in a new land colors his life and determines some of its events, but the chronicle of the Simones has little in it that would not be common to millions of households in the United States. This is, possibly, the chief virtue of Mr. Pagano's novel, reflecting, as it does, both honesty and perception. When Mrs. Simone beseeches the Holy Virgin to protect her soldier son, her passion of love and fear does not derive from the fact that she is an Italian. The preparations for Christmas Eve, the manger, the animals whose paint is looking a little shabby, the varying sophistication—according to age—of the children's comments: these could be the remembered details of a New England holiday.

Marietta Simone, mother of the family, is a woman drawn with an aching, rueful tenderness and pride. To call her magnificent would be to malign her: she is often foolish, and she is often ill-tempered. But she is a wonderful woman, and the reader cannot help sharing the author's feeling for her.

Mr. Pagano is not yet wholly an expert. Scenes involving a rich Back Bay sister-in-law are both stylized and awkward. But inadequacy so slight, and so easily out-stripped, cannot impair the charm and value of a heartfelt and happily accomplished book.

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John Weld's M.D.

MARK PFEIFFER, M.D. By John Weld. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 324 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

EVER since Arrowsmith the authors of doctor novels have followed a master plan as consistently as the home dressmakers of the nineties cut their cloth by the famous Butterick. Skill and taste produced differences in the trimmings, I recall, but there was no trifling with the basic pattern. And so with the doctor novels. Trimmings vary but not so the main plot.

You start with a boy, preferably poor and from a small town, and inspire him to become a doctor; of course he must be a brilliant student and a little of his experiences in the dissecting room and hospital is always titivating; animate him with Hippocratic idealism and start him in private practice; now the conflict with older and more realistic colleagues (cynical grouches, for the most part), sex-driven women and economic pressure; when he is near surrender bring in a major catastrophe after which there remains only his renunciation of personal ambition and worldly women and his dedication to a life of service with the understanding girl.

John Weld has deviated little from this classic design, yet he has written one of the better doctor novels. There can be no caviling with his medical atmosphere. His doctors and his operations have none of the spurious quality so ruffling to the profession and so commonly met in stories of this type. His Mark is a hard-working, ambitious young man, the son of a locomotive engineer and a tired, dullish woman, who is driven into medicine and most of his mistakes by real and imagined snubs suffered in his early years from those who lived on the right side of the tracks. He graduates with honor from his Chicago medical school, marries a wealthy, frivolous girl, and returns to his home town to practise. He quarrels with his unpleasant wife and with his older disillusioned associate, and, after a post-graduate interlude in Boston, becomes a neurological surgeon in Chicago again. Here his little son is killed. This disaster "converts" him, he recognizes the falseness of his ambitions and leaves his wife for Ann, a beautiful surgical nurse whom we have met darting in and out of most of the preceding chapters. The story ends with them planning a life of service to humanity.

Perhaps there has to be a standard plot for doctor novels just as the boy-meets-girl one has become so generally accepted. And perhaps it wouldn't matter if this one had had more warmth, if Mark for example, had been more engaging, less the complete male egoist. But when a novel shows as much solid work and as excellent craftsmanship as does this you can't help wishing that it had had more originality, or at least more of that gripping quality that sometimes saves stories not half as well done.

Of course the times may have something to do with this reviewer's impatience. With one's mind full of the doctors of Bataan, of Guadacanal, it is hard to get excited over heroes in white whose fiercest struggles are with jealous colleagues and selfish wives. Even book reviewers find it hard to be completely objective these days. Or perhaps I am just tired of prewar doctor novels. Nevertheless, John Weld writes sincerely and with skill.

What is happening to the people of England?

The author of KEEPER OF THE FLAME tells what she learned on her recent trip abroad.

FLIGHT TO ENGLAND

by I.A.R. Wylie

➔ **SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE:** "To many troubled people, this book will be as tonic to the spirit as a shot of vitamins is to the body. Miss Wylie went to England (to find out) what is happening to people's hearts and minds. What is going on in people's minds, she believes, is more decisive than military setbacks. She feels this so passionately and says it so admirably that it comes to the reader with a new sense of awareness."

➔ **CHICAGO SUN:** "A fine picture of what it is like to be at war with the enemy only a few hours away by air."

$1.75. A RANDOM **HOUSE BOOK**

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Wandering Minstrel

MELODY IN DARKNESS. By Geneva Stephenson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 497 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

BOTH industry and imagination have been spent on this historical romance. It captures the scent and the flavor of the eighteenth century with an accuracy so impressive that one might think a less masculine and more subtle Smollett had been resurrected to write it. Only the most conscientious exploration of sources could have produced so many adaptable details and only the deftest craftsmanship could have worked them into a narrative so harmonious, graceful, and exciting. Seemingly quite irrelevant materials, like the household of John Sebastian Bach and the hymnology of Charles Wesley, are introduced without seriously interrupting the headlong rush of its intricate plot. It is a remarkable piece of amalgamation—ingredients of all kinds, stage-history, folklore, gypsy tradition, chapbook roguery, Jacobite politics, and, in the most lavish way, musical analysis, have been fused into a tale that is rich in circumstance, fresh with color, and, if not breathless, at least unflagging in speed.

The picaresque pattern begins in a forest where Will Jory, a devoted amateur of music who has lost his eyesight in the battle of Falkirk, lies asleep. A girl, feverishly picking strawberries, stumbles upon him and wakes him up. She is frightened, he is blind, and their association does not start amicably, but she is soon pitying his infirmity, while he grows aware that she is trying to escape some threatening danger. When he has agreed to accompany her to London, they set forth from his midland village to encounter adventure after adventure. From hedge-tavern to thieves' den they wander, always under suspicion as Jacobite refugees and always pursued by malevolent followers whose identity and purpose Jory is unable to determine. There are plenty of peril and suspense all along, and a climax of horror meets them in London. Only then does the plot resolve its mysteries which turn out to be more reasonable than is usual in romance. It's a fine, lusty novel which anybody can enjoy and which musicians, thanks to Jory's inimitable allusions and interpretations, will love.

The following will be interested to receive personal communications from you explaining your inability to buy more WAR BONDS:

Gen. Douglas MacArthur, Australia,
Gen. Dwight W. Eisenhower, N. Africa.

Jane Bowles

The Teacher's Life

FRIDAY, THANK GOD! By Fern Rives. New York: G. P. Putnam's. 1943. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

YOU may love your job if you are a school-marm, but it is still for Friday with its weekly promise of a two-day release that every teacher gives thanks. Anyway so Miss Rives implies and as a teacher herself she ought to know. In this her first novel the setting is a high school, the characters for the most part teachers and their adolescent charges. The orphaned Phyllis Bourdet has been brought to Paris at thirteen by an unconventional aunt whose artistic tastes and sophisticated friends had conditioned Phyllis to a less provincial viewpoint than that of most of her fellow teachers. She had studied at the Sorbonne and fallen in love with a dashing Frenchman whom she married and three years later divorced. When the story opens she is teaching English and struggling, albeit feebly, against her budding passion for Jeff, the handsome but married principal. The main theme of the novel is the virtuous denouement of this love affair and the awakening of Phyllis to an appreciation of Mark, the faithful embodiment of patience and understanding Everywoman projects into her dream husband. But if Miss Rives's plot is a bit hackneyed and amateurish, she has done an excellent job with her secondary characters and with her school atmosphere. The various teachers are most of them life-size, the boys and girls ring true, and the dialogue is fresh and spirited. Her book does bring alive the high school as it is and clearly suggests that Miss Rives has the storyteller's talent to an appreciable degree. It will be interesting to watch its development.

The Dream Freedom

TWO SERIOUS LADIES. By Jane BOWLES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 271 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE two ladies of whom Miss Bowles writes are in fact desperately serious, or perhaps dreadfully is the word. If you have seen someone cold sober at a gay party you have some conception of this painful gravity, except that Miss Bowles has raised it to an nth power by multiplying the terms of the equation. The gayety is not that of a party, but of the red light hotels and bars in a Panama port, filled with a throng of brawling, earthy, lusty folk, girls and men who drink and couple with the simplicity of a handshake. Into this, as into a solvent, Miss Bowles has dipped her two ladies, her Miss Goering and her Mrs. Copperfield, two personalities so tightly precise and coldly articulate as to seem, in this warm and loose environment, abnormal. And our sense of their abnormality is deepened by their strange behavior, for they experience at once an effortless release into the amoral pattern of the life about them, accepting madness and debauchery with an unblinking acquiescence that we recognize as the acquiescence yielded in a dream. Only thus can the vision of Miss Goering and Mrs. Copperfield, entertaining three strange men at the bar of a bordello, be put into focus.

There is dream quality everywhere in this unusual little tale, and also a kind of psycho-therapy acted out in fable. When these ladies talk they do not speak the formal, reserved thoughts which they might recognize as their own, but utter instead long and curiously involved ideas that can come only from the subconscious. They speak and move in dream freedom, and it is sometimes possible to wonder whether the simpler creatures that crowd about them are real,—or are they projections of these two serious ladies? Miss Bowles has worked very subtly with an idea that keeps throwing off all sorts of ominous tangents, but keeping it always light, if a little feverish, always this side of hilarity. She is a writer undoubtedly clever, and perhaps brilliant.

A Study of Literary Experiment in the Little Magazine of the Twentieth Century together with a comprehensive bibliography of Little Magazines published in English is being prepared for early publication by Frederick J. Hoffman, Instructor, Department of English, Ohio State University, and Carolyn F. Ulrich, Chief, Periodicals Division, New York Public Library.

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An Anthology of Latin Drama

THE COMPLETE ROMAN DRAMA. Edited by George E. Duckworth. New York: Random House. 1942. 2 *vols.* 1876 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by C. W. MENDELL

OF late, many still, small voices have been raised to form a piping chorus in defense of the liberal arts in general and of classical letters in particular. It had somehow not occurred to most lovers of the classics that these veterans needed defense. They had been satisfactorily publicized by their enemies. Now, however, even more powerful notes have sounded from college presidents, active and retired, warning the public of the danger of abandoning the classical sources of culture. I suspect that the public has no thought of abandoning them. There are times when it is good to read Sophocles and there are times when it is advisable to read the less dramatic Field Manual. It does not mean the eclipse of Sophocles, whose plays will be even more welcome after a sustained diet of War Department food.

But even if, like Massachusetts, the classics need no defender, the idea of making the classics more available to the general public does, at first glance, appear sound. Perhaps an ancient play might surreptitiously find its way into a menu of Navy Regs and Objective Folders. In this spirit, Professor Duckworth's edition of the Roman drama in English caters to the general reader who cannot appreciate Plautus and Terence and Seneca in the original Latin, but, unfortunately, a study of the two large and handsome volumes destroys the hope that they will extend the appreciation of these writers of comedy and tragedy. All of the plays (with the exception of one late and sophisticated imitation, included for the scholar rather than for the general reader) have been well translated already, and are available in four small volumes instead of two large ones. Because of copyright difficulties, some new translations appear. These are excellent, but not better than the ones already available to the reader, if not to the editor. Nor will the general reader be much attracted by the introduction. References to "Noctes Atticae" and the learned periodicals will only dishearten him, and the immense conservatism of reiterated phrases like "strengthens the supposition," or "seems highly probable," will be to him something less than exhilarating. Also, I think he will actually be disappointed if he reads Seneca after reading Mr. Duckworth's introduction. No one can exaggerate the importance of Seneca; everyone will agree with the editor that he was one of the great formative influences on sixteenth century English play writing. But it is something far different to claim him as a great psychological and dramatic poet. This is just another instance of the unhappy inflation of classical values on the basis of age. The influence of a play depends somewhat on its date. Not so its dramatic excellence.

All of which smacks of Senecan exaggeration. The two volumes are, as a matter of fact, useful classroom tools. They have the great virtue of being well made and nice to handle, which is a virtue not to be scorned in a textbook; and to our age, not unlike in temperament that of sixteenth century England, they offer plays that demand less of the reader than do the Greek classics, plays that will, therefore, perhaps, be more widely read; plays that may conceivably be the germ of a new revival of vigorous, violent drama, the first step to something more robust for the American stage. But the fact remains that they do not displace Dean Nixon and Miss Harris. They do not really make the Latin drama more available to American readers. Professor Duckworth is a scholar and not a popularizer. In the disjointed world of today he has entered the wrong service. He has abandoned the artillery for the paratroops without practising the jumps. He is a good artilleryman.

One word may be allowable on play translating in general. It would certainly take a contemporary Gilbert to put Plautus into English with the songs in acceptable verse. And he would never use the Roman meters to get corresponding effects. Such experiments are academic fooling of a ponderous sort and do not belong in a collection of this type. The iambic trimeter may do well for Terence but it is far too dignified for Plautus. For Seneca the trimeter is perfect but the "lyric" parts should be done in something quite different and should not be difficult. For Seneca's was a heavy hand and some heaviness in the translation is quite proper. Obvious as it is, the fact must be recalled every generation that the purpose of a translation is not merely the passing on of material: it is a method of interpretation, its purpose is to reproduce not means but literary results. By no means all of the translations selected for the present volumes meet this requirement.

WAR BONDS WIN BATTLES

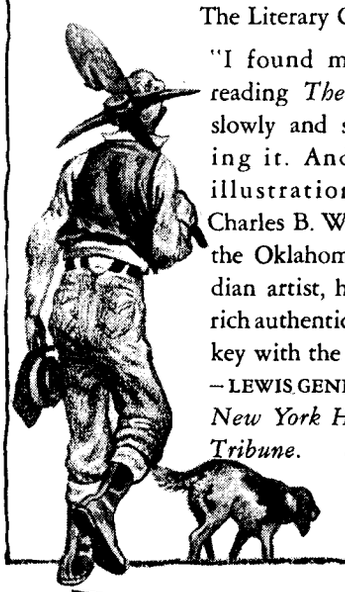
"A warm,
An unpretentious,
A really blooming book."
—*The Nation*

The Hill

By DAVID GREENHOOD

Illustrated by Charles B. Wilson

"A picturesque and lovable story of the inhabitants of an isolated hilltop community in the mountains above San Francisco."—*Wings*, The Literary Guild.



"I found myself reading *The Hill* slowly and savoring it. And the illustrations by Charles B. Wilson, the Oklahoma Indian artist, have a rich authenticity in key with the text."
—LEWIS GANNETT, *New York Herald Tribune*. $2.75

"The true way for America is the way that makes democracy work"

WAY FOR AMERICA

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"If we are to win the peace we need to memorize whole pages of this brilliant defense of the much-abused common man, trusted implicitly by Jefferson, Lincoln and the author of this book."
Chicago News. $3.50

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In Search of the Real England

I SAW TWO ENGLANDS. By H. V. Morton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943. 324 *pp. Index.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS is a record of two tours through different parts of England. The first, which took Mr. Morton through Kent, Sussex, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, and Nottinghamshire, began on the 17th of May, 1939, and ended about a month later. The second began on the 17th of October, 1939, and was finished by the end of November. Although he calls the first tour one through "pre-war England" it is clear that Mr. Morton, in common with most of the people of England, knew well enough in May that war was inevitable. A few knew that long before May of that year; and not all suffered from that confusion of mind which Mr. Morton suggests was universal. Mr. Churchill had not many supporters then; but there had been a faithful band who had always agreed with him about the reality of the German threat.

It is, however, one of Mr. Morton's greatest merits as a recorder that he is not exceptional; he is supremely the man in the street, the man in the bar of the village inn, gifted with unusual powers of observation, a healthy curiosity, and a most enviable gift of listening. In the first part of his book he covers ground familiar to all lovers of historic places: Westerham and General Wolfe; Hever Castle, Henry VIII and Ann Boleyn; Penshurst and the Sidneys; Canterbury and St. Thomas; Walmer Castle and the Duke of Wellington; Chichester and St. Richard; Pyecombe, where men still make crooks for shepherds and croziers for bishops; the great castle of Arundel; Cumnor and Amy Robsart; Godstow and Fair Rosamond; Blenheim and the Duke of Marlborough. There is nothing new he has to tell; but he tells the old stories well, and is especially good in his account of Mary, Queen of Scots and Fotheringay. He has, however, one story quite new to me. In the little village of Grendon Underwood in Buckinghamshire he found a legend that Shakespeare used to stay there and wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the church porch. A local worthy was most explicit about it:

> He wrote in the church porch, as everybody in Grendon Underwood will tell you. And it was while he was writing in the church porch that two constables came and arrested him. "Why did they do that?" I asked. "Because they thought he was up to summat else," replied Mr. Hine shortly.

This is, indeed, as Mr. Morton says, "a strange and provoking story" of an improbability so great that one would like to have its origins investigated.

In October Mr. Morton, armed with introductions and passes from various Government departments, went on his second tour: and I have found this account thrilling and comforting. Whatever mistakes, and they were many, were made by the British government before 1938, there can be nothing but admiration for the speed and efficiency with which the country's industries were geared for war-work, nothing but praise for the people's sober and eager willingness to do all they could to get on with the job. Of course Mr. Morton found in that period of the "phoney war" that in different districts the appreciation of the danger varied. That was inevitable. But everywhere he found the same determination; and a desire for inspiring leadership which was not satisfied until Mr. Churchill replaced Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Morton visited a flying school, an aeroplane factory, a tank and gun factory, a German prisoners' war-camp. Best of all, perhaps, are his stories of a visit to Weymouth where neutral ships and British ships put in for the examination of cargo; and of a visit to the East Coast where, in deadly peril, the fisherman still went on with their ancient business.

> If anything in this strange war-time world has been won by sheer bravery, it is the fish that miraculously appear on the fish-monger's slab, at a cost sometimes even lower than in peace-time. It is as if you and I had the courage to take our typewriters and our telephones into No Man's Land each night.

Mr. Morton feels, as do all observers of war-time England, that an astonishing unity has come out of the conflict—there are hardship and danger, but more than these, and more profoundly felt, a generosity and kindness which spring from hardships endured together, risks taken and difficulties overcome in common.

The Way People Live in Britain

MRS. ENGLAND GOES ON LIVING. By Frances Blackwood. Creative Press, Inc. 1943. 321 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THIS is a clear and well-intentioned book which is better than its word. It is the admitted result of the author's belief that we need to understand what this world upheaval is doing and threatens to do to the homes of all of us. That was what she wrote to the managing editor of her newspaper, with the result that she was sent abroad to study the homes of England in wartime.

Her trip was planned before we knew how closely we in this country would follow the British pattern of rationing; and now that this country is living under a "point" system, the findings of Miss Blackwood are even more practical and interesting than she could have guessed when she took on her self-imposed war task. It is a factual book, written with sympathy and warm appreciation, but there is no vaporizing in it. If you want a recipe for Yorkshire pudding, there it is, as part of a conversation in Yorkshire dialect. If you want to make rose-hip jam or carrot pudding, or Christmas biscuits, and you probably will want to before 1943 is over, here is your excellent reference book.

But this is no cookbook and not to be labelled as a collection of household hints. It is a story of people, "making out," preserving homes. In its way it is a collection of feature stories, easy to read and hard to forget. The poignant story of what a few Quaker conscientious objectors were up against in their undefeatable effort to help some evacuees, has, as far as I know, been told by no one else.

Even when the information is familiar, each story is freshly told. It is a book that should be very good for American women who are troubled, who are trying to do their best in wartime, who want to waste neither time nor materials. It should do its part, too, in increasing friendliness between Great Britain and the United States, not by heavy arguments but by proof and example. It is not a brass hat of a book but a book which knows its job and does it well.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 474)

TENNYSON:
PROGRESS OF SPRING

Holy Spring,
Thy leaves possess the season in their turn,
And in their time thy warblers rise on wing,
How surely glidest thou from March to May.

.....

And men have hopes.....
That after many changes may succeed
Life, which is Life indeed.

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Ideals in American Literature

AMERICAN IDEALISM. By Floyd Stovall. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1943. 235 *pp., xi.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

THIS is the kind of book we like to read in these days when the armies of democracy are once more on the march. For a long time we have been harboring doubts about the ideals of democracy and progress. We have been wondering whether Emerson and Whitman were right in their faith in the moral nature of man and in his progress toward a better way of life. Perhaps Mark Twain and Dreiser were closer to the truth in their assumption that man is a machine, a minute cog in a mechanical universe. Certainly the majority voice of serious contemporary literature has been gloomy.

Mr. Stovall, in this series of eleven lectures on the history of American thought as expressed in literature, pounds the table and tells us emphatically that our faith in democratic idealism is not dead. Two excellent chapters on Emerson and Whitman serve to define his thesis and make more comprehensible its principal spokesman. Other less skillful chapters trace the origins and precedents of their thought. In like sweeping and dogmatic fashion Mr. Stovall traces the challenge to this faith by the American version of materialism, the pragmatic and other attempts at compromise, and the triumph of pessimism in Dreiser. A hasty review of recent writers seems to indicate that once more religion may be reconciled with nature and a new idealistic synthesis discovered, not so different from that of an earlier day.

All this is sound and needs to be pointed out, but the problem is too large for such summary treatment. Both Mr. Stovall's generalizations and his judgments of individual authors are pat; his style is even and colorless; his organization of material too arbitrary to account convincingly for the subtleties of literary expression. Only in a few cases, like those of Whitman, Willa Cather, and Thomas Wolfe, does the sensitive critic assert himself. Elsewhere the orderly mind of the philosopher and pedagogue plays the role of ringmaster with too sharp a whip.

The problem of reconciling the power with the pessimism of contemporary literature is a difficult one, and Mr. Stovall has carried it one long step toward solution by his admission that the new view of nature must in some way provide the foundation for the new form of democratic idealism. Even though the Puritan in him winces at such writers as Farrell, Faulkner, and Jeffers, he finds it possible to accept even some of the more violent aspects of Steinbeck and Wolfe. This is the right angle of attack. Where there is so much smoke there must be fire. The enduring vitality of a free people is now expressing itself in a literature of power, as it did in the middle of the nineteenth century, and as yet our critics have been unable to explain that vitality in its own terms. Mr. Stovall helps.

South Pacific Travelogue

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE. By John Lardner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 302 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IT'S a travelogue. John Lardner is a good leg-man; he was sent to the South Pacific with the first American convoy of divisional troops; went up to Darwin, thence to Port Moresby in the days when only some of our engineers were there, travelling on a ship otherwise loaded with bombs and gasoline, doubled back to New Zealand, and so home. He rode in a bomber on one of the raids over Lae, he was in the area when the gigantic combat of Coral Sea took place and personally saw most of the important figures in what was then the most active battle-front of the world.

Through it all he managed to preserve the naiveté of a John L. Stoddard—at least for purposes of this book, which is composed of a few things he was not permitted to say in the current newspaper reporting and a great many things which are of merely topical interest and not spot news. The beer in Australia is invariably warm; after the furious bombing attack on Darwin of February 19, 1942, the local gentry plundered what was left of the town and tried to get away with their loot across approximately a thousand miles of desert; aviators on active duty talk shop endlessly in the bar; the Australians were inclined to think Americans a sissy race in the beginning because they said "please" and "thank you." This is the type of observation of which the book is made up. It would be unfair to call it pointless because there is considerable point in knowing what goes on down under and how our people get along with our Allies.

But it's a travelogue all the same, a bright and well told picture of a few moments in history which will not be repeated again at least in the same form.

Have you read

the

THOMAS JEFFERSON BICENTENNIAL NUMBER

of the

VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW?

Mr. Jefferson to Mr. Roosevelt
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Dumas Malone

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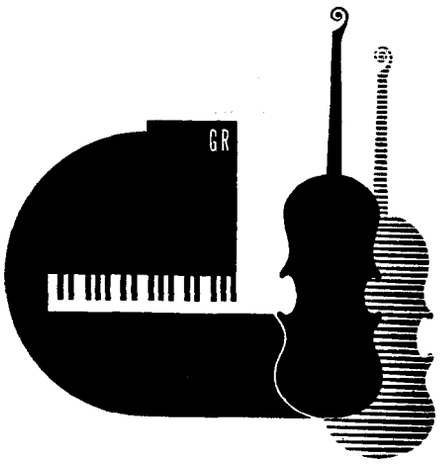
Another Newman Book on the Opera

MORE STORIES OF FAMOUS OPERAS. By Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 585 *pp. with index.* $4.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

ERNEST NEWMAN'S new set of opera tales shows him again as an experienced littérateur, gifted with an easy conversational tone tinged with elegant sarcasm. He manages to throw in his not inconsiderable information without ostentation. This reviewer has no quarrel with Newman the man of letters and hastens to say that this handsome volume has a good many enjoyable pages. The author's sound and often delicate literary sense appraises the construction of libretti with a sure grasp. To mention one, his analysis of Massenet's "Thais" is shrewd and shows a good knowledge of nineteenth-century French literature.

But besides being an essayist of unquestionable abilities, Mr. Newman is considered, by his publisher, "without question the outstanding writer on musical topics in the world today." Well known for his writings on Wagner, he appears to be wedded to the particular operatic style represented by Bayreuth and from his discussion of the non-Germanic works it is clear that he is incapable of tearing himself loose from this school of thought. That, of course, is unfortunate, for Wagner and his circle represent only an episode in the three hundred-year history of the lyric stage. Since opera is a drama—or comedy—*in song*, modern musical esthetics no longer subscribes to the Wagnerian conception of taking away the song from the singers and giving it to the orchestra. We must bear in mind that the overwhelming majority of operas are outside the domain of the symphonic leitmotive-opera, and that therefore any approach from the Wagnerian point of view can have no validity. Indeed, the author is on safe grounds only until he can indulge in the familiar, and today quaintly archaic, phraseology of the *fin de siècle*. Thus a dramatic scene is enacted "to the strains of No. 13, No. 14 and other leading motives." Once the filing cabinet of the leitmotive system cannot be consulted, Mr. Newman is seriously inconvenienced, his choice of documentary material becomes arbitrary, and he often misses the musical construction altogether, as for instance in Gluck's "Orfeo" where some pretty mangled musical quotations appear.



As a matter of fact, the musical quotations are often very sketchy and sloppy, with incomplete harmonies and missing parts. Musical problems are in general rather feebly dealt with. It is somewhat annoying to see the old stories about Gluck's operatic "reform" and its kinship with Wagner's "reform" which the author considers "an exact parallel half a century later." It is regrettable that Mr. Newman's literary talents are not backed by modern scholarship and by a little more musicianly thinking, otherwise the reviewer could have perhaps reported the customary "significant addition" to our literature on opera. As it is, that literature is still in its infancy, and calls for serious stylistic and esthetic studies.

Good Bridge Plus Good Writing

BETTER BRIDGE FOR BETTER PLAYERS. By Charles H. Goren. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. xiv, 538 *pp.* $2.95.

Reviewed by RICHARD L. SIMON

IT is now eleven years since bridge players have been treated to a really first rate book. There have been a few good treatises since 1942—notably the one by the Four Aces—but none that combined good bridge and good writing. Going back over the years, I can think of only three books that rank with Goren's. They are "Lenz on Bridge," Culbertson's "Blue Book," and Sims's "Money Contract." They appeared during the time when bridge made front page news.

There have been bridge players since 1932 as good as Lenz, Culbertson, and Sims—possibly even better; but none has developed a following comparable to theirs. Either they have lacked the personal flair or the ability to write well.

"Better Bridge for Better Players" is not a new "system." What Goren has done is to assume that his reader is a good player who wants to be a better one. He has therefore included in his book all the new wrinkles that have developed in bridge over the last decade, combined them with sound elementary principles that have made for good bridge playing over the past two decades, and fused the new and the old with a lot of good, plain horse sense. It is a happy formula.

I have been wondering why this book is so well written. It was sent to me by Tom Costain. Tom is one of the best amateur bridge players in the country—and it would be interesting to trace the border between the territories known as professional and amateur bridge country—who happens also to be the editor of the firm that publishes Charles Goren. I suspect the hand, or at least the blue pencil, of the master. For the prose is charming and the exposition superb.

Goren is wise in confining himself to the advanced or, as he calls them, better players. The title of his book is perfect. I can think of less than a dozen players in the country who would not benefit from it. The first long chapter on bidding is about the best treatise on the subject in existence. Goren assumes that the player has a "system" of his own. He points out that most systems are a way of eventually arriving at the same final bid. He points out conclusively that the most effective means of arriving at the best contract is via the common sense route. "What," the average good player may well ask, "is common sense?" It is a way of reflecting information about the cards you hold without recourse to artificial conventions which either confuse you and your partner in the pinch, or else are practically cheating. For chapter and verse see pages 1 to 47 of "Better Bridge for Better Players."

The bidding chapter and the one on opening leads are the longest in the book. There follow nineteen chapters on all phases of the play of the hand. Much of the material has been covered elsewhere, but nowhere else in so persuasive and friendly a manner. The chapter on "signals" contains some brand new material which should earn the price of the book in two sessions to anyone who plays for as much as a tenth of a cent a point.

Each chapter after the first concludes with a series of questions and answers. The super-serious, or puzzle-addicted player will relish these. There is an introduction by Ely Culbertson. Also a foreword by George S. Kaufman which, in the course of paying tribute to an excellent book, turns out to be the most uproariously hilarious essay ever written on bridge players.

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A POE MYSTERY UNCOVERED

(*Continued from page 5*)

July, 1833, a prize of $50 for the best short story and $25 for the best poem to be submitted within a given time. The judges, appointed by the editor, were John P. Kennedy, Dr. James H. Miller, and J. H. B. Latrobe. An incredible amount of bilge would appear to have been submitted, and the committee (according to Latrobe's account) was on the point of calling off the story contest for lack of prize-worthy material when a collection of Poe's manuscript tales was discovered, all admirable, from which after discussion "A MS. Found in a Bottle" was selected and awarded the prize. When the poetry entries were considered only two were thought worthy of the second prize, and one of these, as the chirography made evident, was also Poe's. The other, submitted by one "Henry Wilton," was in consequence given the award. Then "Wilton" turned out to be Hewitt, one of the minor editors of the journal offering the prizes, trying his luck under a pseudonym; and the fat, as far as Poe and Hewitt were concerned, was in the fire.

"Being an editor of the journal offering the premium," says Hewitt, in his account of the episode, "I did not wish my proper name to be announced. However, it soon leaked out who the unknown was." It may be noted, incidentally, that Hewitt in all his statements concerning the contest follows the error inaugurated by Latrobe in referring to the prose prize as $100 and the poetry prize as $50, although he must have known better. He concludes his account of the incident as follows:

"When Poe discovered that I had used a false name to gain my end, he accused me of tampering with the committee, a charge which I resented, as I considered it an insult to the integrity of the gentlemen composing the committee. My friends applauded my mode of proceeding."

This is faintly ambiguous. One naturally wonders if it does not explain that "unpleasant slugging affair" which Hewitt was willing to have buried—but unforgotten—in the graveyard of Westminster church.

Toward the end of his manuscript Hewitt returns to his last meeting with Poe, in Washington; but neglects to give it a date:

"As I have stated before, the last time I saw him was in the city of Washington; his appearance then was anything but angelic. His features were bloated and haggard, and he was the photographed picture of *un homme blasé*. I felt for him keenly; I could have wept for the wreck of genius that stood before me with his hand stretched out, as he hesitatingly saluted me with something like a mixture of pride and humility expressed in his rueful features as he said:

"'I am in a bad plight in this grand city of magnificent extensions. I think you—as a brother poet—will help me out, when I tell you that not a mouthful of food have I had for the past twenty-four hours.'

"I aided him in his distress to the best of my ability. We parted friends, but never met again."

This could only have been in 1843, during Poe's disastrous visit to the capital in search of a federal appointment. If the incident happened—and I see no reason for disbelieving Hewitt's story—it is a painful and depressing thought that Edgar Poe once sank so low as to borrow money from John Hill Hewitt.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHAT DARK SECRET *Dorothy Dudley and Juanita Sheridan* (Morrow: $2.)	Glamorous female slain at Hawaiian house-party. Girl news-hawk capably runs down most of clues.	Pre-Pearl Harbor background attractive; suspicion distributed, emotional *motif* stressed finish satisfactory.	Above average
DEATH TAKES A BOW *Frances and Richard Lockridge* (Lippincott: $2.)	Mysterious death of author on lecture platform and subsequent sleeping-car killing involves the Norths, Bill Weigand, and entire company.	Lieut. Weigand's sleuthing is efficient, though solution seems precipitate—and unique Northian humor is even better than in previous yarns.	Highly recommended
DO NOT DISTURB *Helen McCloy* (William Morrow: $2.)	Young New England girl finds corpse in her Manhattan hotel room and takes terrific mental and physical punishment before case breaks.	Engaging heroine—who does most of sleuthing—many shivery and exciting sequences, continuous action, and extra good writing.	Grade A

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW *of* LITERATURE

25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

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The Phoenix Nest

I AM most greatful to Cora De La Matyr Thomas of Washington, D. C., for her charming letter sending me the following. A friend brought her the bill in 1885. He was an Associate Justice, in the Department of Justice, who went to England to study the Prison System. While there, he visited cathedrals, and at Winchester the custodian produced this bill. He so enjoyed it that he brought home a copy. Here it is.

Copy of a Bill taken from Winchester Cathedral. It was presented to the Authorities in the eleventh century.

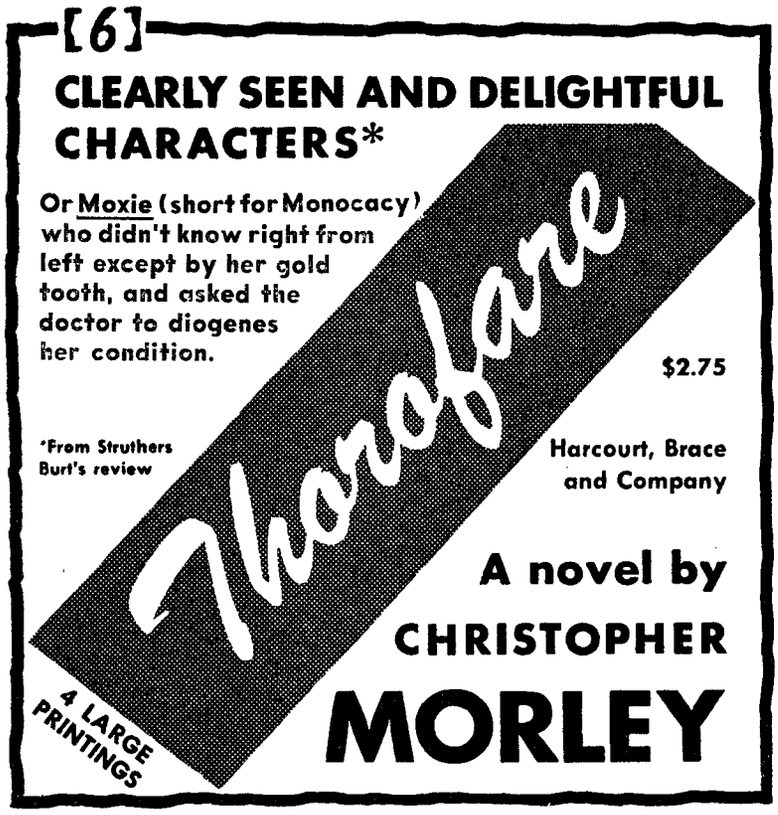
	s.	d.
To soldering and repairing St. Joseph	2	5
To making a trumpet for the Angel Gabriel and mending his legs	6	5
To cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost	1	4
To putting nails on St. Peter's toes and mending his heels	3	6
To repairing the Virgin Mary before and behind, and making a new child	10	2
Cleaning the body of St. Thomas and putting a new head on him	9	4
Screwing a nose on the devil and putting the length of a fusee on his tail and painting it	5	3

My Salad Days

The other day I turned up a couple of old theatre programs from my New Haven days. The first is from the New Haven Theatre then at Temple, Church & Crown, where the New Melodramatic Novelty, "The Secret of the Subway," was being presented by "A Powerful Dramatic Co." "The Scenic Display Includes Remarkable Stage Pictures of the Interior and Exterior of the New York Underground Railroad. A Carload of Special Scenery, Magnificent Costumes, and High Class Vaudeville Acts. Automobile Station for Patrons Attending the Show." The date was November 11, 1904, the Fall of my Freshman year. The "Cast of Characters" included Burney Branton, king of cracksmen; Isie Cohen, Branton's pal; Kane O'Hara, a detective; Doctor Salsya, a Hindu; Handsome Charlie, a tool of the Doctor; Matthew Dean, a banker; some Harbor Police, some Victims of Dr. Salsya; Karina Le Strange, a woman without a heart; and, during the action of the play, some specialties introduced by Mr. Harry Fields. Act III, Scene I, was a Street in Chinatown; Scene 2, a Corridor in an Opium Joint; Scene 3, Opium Den of the Doctor; and Act 4, Doctor Salsya's Room of Mystery. It is a wonder to me that I have no clearer memory, even at this late date, of such a hair-raising performance as that! The other program is of Sam Shubert's old Hyperion Theatre on Chapel Street, known as "The Hype." This was the middle of October, of the same year, and Sam Shubert was then offering Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Taps" ("Zapfenstreich"), a Drama of German Military Life by Franz Adam Beyerlein. Little did we know in those halcyon years how much German Military Life was to mean to us and to all the world of the future; Mr. Kelcey played Volkhardt, the Sergeant-Major, and Miss Shannon was Clara Volkhardt. Charles Swickard, a man of many talents, who had translated, staged, and directed the play, played Captain Count Von Lehdenburg of the Cuirassier Regiment No. 10. The time was the "present" and the place Sannheim, a small German garrison town in Alsace-Lorraine near the French border. The following Monday, James K. Hackett was due to arrive in "The Crisis" ("Winston Churchill's great play"—our own Winston, of course, if any now remember that prolific and best-selling American novelist of the day!). In those days the Cafe Heublein, run by Louis Metzger, and known as "Heib's," was a favorite hangout of ours, down on Church Street, and I have also resuscitated an old menu of that establishment, which informs me that there is a portable telephone on every table in the Ladies' Dining Room, on which a friend of mine and myself have drawn many pictures, bibulous and otherwise. One drawing, of a girl's head, says "Yours lovingly, Edna May," referring to a much courted soubrette of the period. Heublein's had imported and domestic beer, Bass, Burton, and Musty Ale on draught, and music every evening from 6 to 8 and from 10 to 12. Lobsters, oysters, clams, and steaks were specialties. No wonder that I went swiftly upon probation! But those were the days when I had a grand digestion!

On that same menu I seem to have pencilled some very sappy lines from "Flavia to Rudolf," which indicates some of my then favorite reading!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.


[6]
CLEARLY SEEN AND DELIGHTFUL CHARACTERS*
Or Moxie (short for Monocacy) who didn't know right from left except by her gold tooth, and asked the doctor to diogenes her condition.
*From Struthers Burt's review
Thoroughfare
$2.75
Harcourt, Brace and Company
A novel by
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
4 LARGE PRINTINGS

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Mrs. Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Oliver Goldsmith.
2. Mr. Mulliner, in many stories by P. G. Wodehouse.
3. Aggie Pilkington, in the Tish stories, by Mary Roberts Rinehart.
4. Dr. Heidegger, in "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5. Colin Glencannon, in many stories by Guy Gilpatric.
6. "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving.
7. The three witches, in "Macbeth," by Shakespeare.
8. Thor, in Norse mythology.
9. Gargantua, in "Gargantua and Pantagruel," by Rabelais.
10. Carlo Cibo, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.

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The Crostics Club

MISS ELENA NEARING, Woodstock Valley, Conn., interested in DC time-statistics, writes that an average DC lasts from Philadelphia to Elizabeth, a tough one will keep her awake through the night-watch on observation post. Among her grievances she objects to quotations that lack style and harmony, and to definitions that do not agree grammatically with the word defined, as *riff-raff* as an adjective meaning *trashy*. As she doesn't respect the authority I use, rebuttal would be useless. She winds up with the caution: "Let them be hard but not unrewarding." What, I ask, is unrewarding?

Edward W. Rickett, N. Y. City, thinks *infand* the perfect epithet for a notorious Chairman of a Congressional Committee not exactly red; whereas Daisy I. Paddock, Oberlin, O., a DC newcomer, in a very bright rhymed effusion, ranks *infand* with some other words in that puzzle as useless and absurd, concluding:

Cui bono? Alas what good are they?
Escapist amusement, did you say?

Samuel F. Davis, San Francisco, thanks us for Lear's *Pelican Chorus*, (Mr. Davis always enjoys going after the source) evidently subscribing to "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men"; whereas our devoted defender, Frances Ames Walker, Duxbury, in one of her talking rhymes concludes:

But nonsense rhymes are sorry food
For Double Crostic's brilliant brood.
O, E.S.K., you done us wrong—
This is the burden of my song.

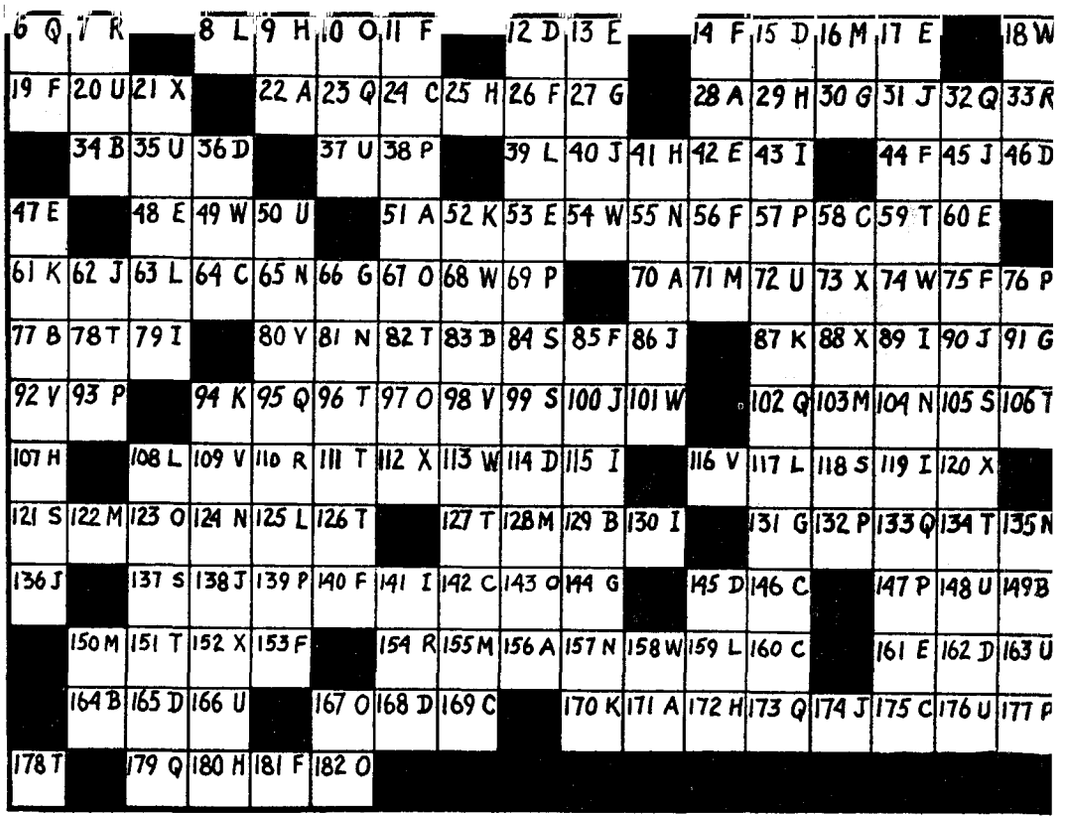
Mr. and Mrs. Willard Pope, Detroit, old regulars, write especially to commend the choice of our Stephen Vincent Benét selection, for they heard it acted over the radio at Xmas time; whereas another puzzler doesn't enjoy so much repetition in the lines.

We welcome these more or less heated points of view, for they keep our DC Club pot boiling and are suggestive of improvement. But to LS who thus signed a typed postal undated and unplaced, written in a spirit of spite, we reply that such communications are never honored by reputable magazines; but if she had taken the trouble to look in the Gazetteer section of WNI she would have found *Amsterdam* as *a capital of Netherlands (Holland)*.

In addition to those already listed in this column as interested in time-statistics are Gordon Winslow Smith, Waterville, Me., Miss Edith Martin Vaughan, Yonkers, N. Y., and James McRae Hawley, N. Y. City. Mr. Hawley raises points that I will discuss in our next issue.

Patience and Fortitude! thus our dynamic Mayor greets us each Sunday over the radio.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 475

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

WORDS	DEFINITIONS
A. English Poet-laureate—1730.	51 70 22 28 171 156
B. Midnight assembly for orgies.	149 129 34 77 83 164
C. That which carries or conveys.	169 160 146 175 142 64 24 58
D. A fossil flower or one resembling a flower.	15 114 36 165 145 168 162 12 46
E. Poem on King Philip's War by Eastman and Sands (1820).	60 48 42 13 47 161 17 53
F. The theory with Calhoun leading to the doctrine of nullification.	75 140 56 85 26 181 19 11 14 44 158
G. Wooden legs (slang).	66 91 131 30 5 27 144
H. Island site of Union victory, Feb. 8, '62.	107 180 29 172 9 25 41
I. Snobbish (colloq.; theatre).	141 119 43 130 89 115 79
J. Members of the Emperor's party in medieval Italian politics.	90 45 138 1 40 136 174 31 100 62 86
K. English historian (1737-94).	170 87 61 94 52 3
L. German critic and dramatist (1729-81).	8 125 108 39 117 159 63
M. Battle of 1265 (England).	155 16 103 150 128 122 71
N. Secretary of War in Lincoln's Cabinet.	124 55 135 104 65 157 81
O. Captivating; agreeable.	97 67 10 123 167 182 143
P. Novelette by Henry James (1898).	76 57 38 147 93 139 177 69 132
Q. To convey from one person to another.	173 95 23 133 102 179 32 6
R. Bohemian Reformation martyr (1373-1465).	154 110 7 33
S. Variety of fall apple.	118 99 121 137 105 84
T. Novel by Harriet B. Stowe (1869).	96 78 111 134 151 127 178 82 106 59 4 126
U. A dirge; elegy.	50 72 148 20 166 163 37 35 176
V. Harsh, noisy (applied to musical instruments; comp.)	109 80 98 116 2 92
W. The last dregs.	49 113 18 54 158 68 101 74
X. A petty officer of clerical work on a war vessel.	112 21 73 88 120 152

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"I hope somebody somewhere will sit up and take notice."

Alistair Cooke

1150 Fifth Avenue, New York City

February 19th, 1943

The Director, Little, Brown & Co.,
34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for sending me THE LOOKING-GLASS, of William March, about whom London has asked me to do a broadcast. You shall see a copy of the script.

THE LOOKING-GLASS seems to me to be the masterpiece of the most underrated of American writers, living or dead. An exquisite work.

The current best-seller lists inexplicably don't mention THE LOOKING-GLASS and are enough to make one despair of the taste and vitality of the American reading public. Of course, it is a sad and ancient story. Mark Twain was a boor to the literature fanciers of Boston, Melville a crackpot, Whitman to most of his contemporaries an obscene bum, Emily Dickinson an anonymous neurotic.

These are the eminent dead whom we now, with careful hypocrisy, most delight to honor and whose works would, in their times, have sent us retching to the more palatable fare of writers long since lost to any fame but memorials in genteel marble.

Today we brood with Faulkner, or become misunderstood little boys again with Hemingway, while all the while William March goes on writing his incomparably mature fiction. By 1990, however he will be thoroughly dead and Congressmen, bishops, college boys taking English-A, and Ambassador-designates to Australia will be fumbling hastily through his unread volumes to prove the soundness of their cultural training.

I hope somebody somewhere will sit up and take notice.

Sincerely,

Alistair Cooke

William March

THE LOOKING-GLASS

$2.50 • LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

Alistair Cooke is Special Correspondent on American Affairs to *The London Times*, and to the British Broadcasting Corporation

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